EVANGELICAL HYMNS

ANNIE CLIME.

Property Of

S S Paris

Terre A

R

HYMN-BOOK

OF THE

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHING HOUSE
OF THE
EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
1882.

Copyrighted by Lauer & Yost.
1881.

CONTENTS.

—o—

Hymns.

WORSHIP. 1–45

GOD.

Being and Attributes 46–65
Providence 66–81

CHRIST.

Incarnation and Birth 82–92
Titles, Life and Character 93–109
Sufferings and Death 110–130
Resurrection, Priesthood and Reign. 131–149

THE HOLY SPIRIT 150–171

THE SCRIPTURES 172–184

SALVATION.

Man's Lost Condition 185–191
Provisions of the Gospel 192–213
Warnings and Invitations 214–254
Repentance and Faith 255–300
Justification, Regeneration and Adoption 301–326
Assurance 327–335
Consecration 336–358
Entire Sanctification 359–390

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Prayer and Praise 391–437
Confessing and Rejoicing in Christ .. 438–481
Trial, Suffering and Discipline 482–530
Benevolence and Charity 531–544
Zeal and Activity 545–559
Watchfulness and Warfare 560–581
Unfaithfulness and Backsliding 582–588
Revival 589–598

CONTENTS.

Hymns.

THE LORD'S-DAY.....599–606

THE CHURCH.

General Hymns.....607–616
Admission.....617–620
Unity and Fellowship.....621–634
The Ministry.....635–647
Baptism.....648–656
The Lord's Supper.....657–669
The Sunday-School.....670–679

SPECIAL SERVICES.

Missions.....680–703
Church Building.....704–713
Conference.....714–721
Temperance.....722–729
National.....730–741

CHRISTIAN HOME.

General Hymns.....742–744
Marriage.....745–747
Children, Youth and Old Age.....748–758
Family Worship.....759–772

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Times and Seasons.....773–786
Brevity and Uncertainty of Life.....787–796
Death and Resurrection.....797–830
Christ's Second Coming.....831–837
Judgment and Retribution.....838–845
Heaven.....846–875

Pages.

DOXOLOGIES.....526–527

WORSHIP.

1. *Invitation to Praise.* L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim:
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song:
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

I. Watts.

2. *Praise the Universal King.* L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create—and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men:
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. Watts.

3. *Address to the Trinity.* L. M.

FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

E. H. Bickersteth.

4. *Omnipotence and Wisdom.* L. M.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
And sing thy great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all his wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glory sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.
T. Blacklock.

5. *Praise to his Holiness.* L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of hosts by all adored;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim:
By all the powers and thrones in heaven
Eternal praise to thee be given.

3 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud, triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujahs round.

4 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit we adore—
One Godhead, blest for evermore. *J. Conder.*

6. *The Praises of Jehovah.* L. M.

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

7. *Joy of public Worship.* L. M.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults ot hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

I. Watts.

8. *Lo! God is here.* L. M. 61.

LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by J. Wesley.

9. *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.* L. M. 61.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky."

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

Charles Wesley.

10. *"The Day is gone."* L. M.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to flow
With lowly love and fervent will.

REFRAIN: Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.

3 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.

F. W. Faber.

11. *Praise to the Trinity.* C. M.

FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors—and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith and love and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine,
In harmony and praise. *I. Watts.*

12. *Adoring the Lamb.* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb, that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. *I. Watts.*

13. *Come, let us worship and bow down.* C. M.

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

4 Now is the time he lends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest." *I. Watts.*

14. *All his Works praise Him.* C. M.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power;

2 The birds, that rise on quiv'ring wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of Spring
To thee an anthem raise.

3 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answ'ring tone,
Breathe forth thy holy name?

4 All nature's debt is small to mine,
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me. *Mrs. Amelia Opie.*

15. *The Eternal Father.* C. M.

O HOW I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

2 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done,
With me, thy sinful child.

4 Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee!

F. W. Faber.

16. *For a Blessing on the Word.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

3 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know. *I. Cawood.*

17. *Now thank we all our God.* P. M.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gift and love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts,
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed;
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,—
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. *M. Rinkard.*
Tr. Cath. Winkworth.

18. *Stand up for the Lord.* S. M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore. *J. Montgomery.*

19. *The Sacrifice of Praise.* S. M.

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring. *Thomas Jervis.*

20. *The Loving-kindness of the Lord.* S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind:
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

I. Watts—alt.

21. *Worship and Praise.* S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at this throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. *I. Watts.*

22. *Worship of the Trinity.* S. M.

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
All glory, power and praise, receive
For thy creating love.

2 O thou incarnate Word,
Let all thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

4 The grace on man bestowed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim
And cry "Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!" *C. Wesley.*

23. *Met in his Name.* S. M.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love. *Charles Wesley.*

24. *Glory begun below.* **S. M.**

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, alt. by. J. Wesley.

25. *Song of Moses and the Lamb.* S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, alt.

26. *"Closing Hour."* S. M.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

E. T. Fitch.

27. *At Dismission.* S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
O bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know. *J. Hart.*

28. *Humble Praises.* S. M.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King;
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

3 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known. *I. Watts.*

29. *God's glorious Presence.* C. P. M.

THOU God of power, thou God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice holy," to their God most high,
"Thrice holy," to their King.

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given:
He bore the curse to sinners due,
He forms their ruined souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
The presence of our God. *John Walker.*

30. *The Praise of Jesus.* C. P. M.

JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:
Still let us keep this end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,

And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

4 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above. *Charles Wesley.*

31. *The Glory of his Grace.* C. P. M.

LET all on earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless his holy name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.

2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His dwelling-place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
His saving grace proclaim. *I. Watts.*

32. *Invocation of the Trinity.*

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend ;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success :
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend !

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !

4 To thee, great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore :
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore ! *Charles Wesley.*

33. *Thanksgiving for infinite Love.* 10, 11.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh ; his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son :
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

C. Wesley.

34. *Worshiping the King.* 10, 11.

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Sir Robert Grant.

35. *Heavenly Joy anticipated.* 8, 7, 4.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

36. *A present God.* 8, 7, 4.

GOD is in his holy temple;
All the earth! keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear!
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our Lord! appear.

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat:
Saints! rejoice; and, sinners! tremble,
Each prepare his God to meet:
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.

3 Hail him here with songs of praises;
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to his glorious Gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound!

James Montgomery.

37. *For a Blessing on the Word.* 8, 7, 4.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans.

38. *"My Peace I give unto you."* 8, 7, 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found. *W. Shirley.*

39. *Benediction.* 8, 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

40. *A parting Blessing.* 8, 7.

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on Gospel manna feeding
Pure seraphic joys increase.

2 Fill our hearts with consolation;
Unto thee our voices raise;
When we reach that blissful station,
We will give thee nobler praise.

Edwin Smythe.

41. *Closing Hymn.*

O MOST merciful!
O most bountiful!
God the Father Almighty!
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession,
Hear us, help us, when we cry!

Old Latin Hymn.

42. *Closing Hymn.* 7D.

GRACIOUS Lord, to thee we raise
One more note of grateful praise,
One sweet song from ev'ry heart,
One more prayer before we part.
O thou everlasting King,
Now accept the praise we bring;
Hear our prayer, and let us be
One in heart and one in thee.

2 Holy Spirit, while we pray,
Let thy word take root to-day;
Plant it deep in fruitful soil,
Let no foes the harvest spoil.
Now to ev'ry waiting heart
Thine abundant life impart;
Give to all, with rich increase,
Fruits of love and joy and peace.

3 Jesus, now once more we call,
Let thy blessing on us fall;
Guide us in thy righteous ways;
Keep us by thy mighty grace.
Thine, O Lord, thro' endless days,
Be the glory, might and praise,
Throned among the heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

H. B. Hartzler.

43. *O worship the Lord.* **P. M.**

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
Glory to the Father abounding in mercy!
Be joyful, all ye people, and magnify Jehovah.

CHORUS: O glory hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!
O come before his presence and glorify his name.

2 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
Glory be to Jesus, our gracious Redeemer!
We praise him for he loved us, and brought a great salvation.

3 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
Glory to the Spirit, the holy Revealer!
We praise him with the Father, and with the Son our Saviour.

R. Lowry.

44. *Abide with me.* **10.**

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens — Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

45. *Parting Lord's-day Evening.* 10.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;

From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

GOD.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

46. *The Divine Perfections.* L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

Isaac Watts.

47. *The Lord is King.* L. M.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains,
Your God is King, your Father reigns:
And he is at the Father's side,
The man of love, the Crucified.

3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

4 O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder.

48. *God's Omniscience.* L. M.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove—where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin—for God is there.

Isaac Watts.

49. *God's Faithfulness.* L. M.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that sound,
That bid the new-made world go round,
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.

5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

Isaac Watts.

50. *God leading us.* L. M.

GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

4 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord:
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Isaac Watts.

51. *The Heavens declare his Glory.* L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice—
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

J. Addison.

52. *The Love of God.* C. M.

THOU grace divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O love of God most free!

2 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wonder wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

3 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind!

4 But not alone thy care we claim
Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within!

5 And filled and quickened by thy breath
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O love of God to thee! *Eliza Scudder.*

53. *Man frail—God eternal.* C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home! *Isaac Watts.*

54. *Majesty and Love of God.* C. M.

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on thee!

Frederick W. Faber.

55. *One God in Three Persons.* C. M.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

4 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout the universe.

5 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise designed;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts, of all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

56. *Goodness of God's Providence.* C. M.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all,
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed;
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God. *Isaac Watts.*

57. *Praise to his Faithfulness.* C. M.

BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

3 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper: "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

4 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more. *Isaac Watts.*

58. *Holiness of God.* C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy, Lord," the angels cry—
"Thrice holy," let us sing!

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more,
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see. *I. Needham.*

59. *Infinite Compassion.* S. M.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure. *Isaac Watts.*

60. *God is Love.* C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears,
To show, that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love. *G. Burder.*

61. *God's wondrous Love.* H. M.

O FOR a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery;
Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
The love, the sovereign love, of God.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

J. Young.

62. *God is Love.* 8, 7.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

63. *The Wideness of God's Mercy.* 8, 7.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

64. *The Apostles' Creed.* 8, 7, 7.

WE all believe in one true God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Strong Deliverer in our need,
Praised by all the heavenly host,
By whose mighty power alone
All is made, and wrought, and done.

2 And we believe in Jesus Christ,
Son of man, and Son of God;
Who, to raise us up to heaven,
Left his throne and bore our load;
By whose cross and death are we
Rescued from our misery.

3 And we confess the Holy Ghost,
Who from both forever flows;
Who upholds and comforts us
In the midst of fears and woes.
Blest and holy Trinity,
Praise shall aye be brought to thee!

T. Clausnitzer. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

65. *God the Creator.* 8, 7D.

ON the works of his creation
God hath traced his glorious name,
With unceasing adoration
Nature chants Jehovah's fame;
Earth, with beauty overflowing,
Ocean, grand in storm and calm,
Heaven, with cloudless lustre glowing,
Are her great Creator's psalm.

2 Down the rivers, seaward rushing,
Floats the murmur of the song,
Up the heights, with sunlight flushing,
Mounts the chorus, full and strong;
Through the groves, with praise resounding,
Over wide and waving plains,
O'er the main, with billows bounding,
Peal the thrilling anthem-strains.

3 God, who setteth fast the mountain,
Girded with almighty power;—
God, whose voice is in the fountain,
And his beauty in the flower;—
God, who on the tempest rideth,
King upon the sea and shore;—
God, who over all presideth,
Is our God for evermore. *Samuel Wolcott.*

PROVIDENCE.

---

66. *He careth for you.* L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity. *Samuel Ecking.*

67. *Providence.* L. M.

THY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way:
But whilst they trust the guardian eye,
Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.
Unknown.

68. *Perfections and Providence of God.* L. M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails thy just and wise designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 O God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs,
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

I. Watts.

69. *Light shining out of Darkness.* C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take—
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. *Wm. Cowper.*

70. *Goodness of Divine Providence.* C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

71. *Dark Providence.* C. M.

THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy path I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark vails of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond'ring thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise. *J. Fawcett.*

72. *Our Father.* C. M.

MY God, my Father!—blissful name!
O may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

5 If pain and sickness rend this frame
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 My God, my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away? *Anna Steele.*

73. *Are they not all ministering Spirits?* C. M.

WHICH of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours,—
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?

2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

4 Our lives those holy angels keep
From every hostile power;
And, unconcerned, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there. *C. Wesley.*

74. *Gratitude.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise. *Joseph Addison.*

75. *Crosses are Blessings.* C. M.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned. *J. Harvey.*

76. *The Lord my Shepherd.* S. M.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days:
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

77. *Reliance upon the Promises.* S. M.

AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast,
My father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills, is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will Divine;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take,
To frustrate his decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven designed for me. *C. Wesley.*

78. *The good Shepherd.* L. M. 6 l.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
J. Addison.

79. *God a mighty fortress.* 8, 7, 6.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. by F. H. Hedge.

80. *The Lord will provide.* 10, 11.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, — The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.

3 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, — The Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, — The Lord will provide. *John Newton.*

81. *Jehovah our Guide.* 8, 7, 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now thy crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,

Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with thy heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness:
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sovereign grace.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. *W. Williams.*

CHRIST.

INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

82. *The Lord is come.* C. M.

JOY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. *I. Watts.*

83. *The promised Lord.* C. M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. *P. Doddridge.*

84. *The Prince of Peace.* C. M.

TO us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below. *J. Morrison.*

85. *The Angels' Song.* C. M. D.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edmund H. Sears.

86. *Christmas Anthem.* C. M. D.

CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far

Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Edmund H. Sears.

87. *Glad Tidings.* C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
And thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease." *Tate & Brady.*

88. *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark;

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

H. K. White.

89. *Welcome to the King of Glory.* L. M.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold! the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 Life and salvation doth he bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing:
Eternal praise, my God! to thee!
Creator! wise is thy decree.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

4 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin;
Eternal praise, my God! be thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

5 Redeemer! come; I open wide
My heart to thee; here, Lord! abide;
Let me thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise, eternal fame,
Be offered, Saviour! to thy name!

George Weissel. Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

90. *The Child Jesus.* L. M.

ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord!
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood,
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

2 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

3 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,—
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

4 All this for us thy love hath done,
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther.

91. *Heavenly Voices.* 8, 7. D.

HARK!—what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

2 Peace on earth—good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found.
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive from God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.

3 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high! *J. Cawood.*

92. *The Star in the East.* 11, 10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Reginald Heber.

TITLES, LIFE AND CHARACTER.

93. *Crown him Lord of all.* C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

94. *The dearest Name.* C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding-place:
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. *J. Newton.*

95. *The Minister's only Theme.* C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all the guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see,
The riches of his grace:
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'T is all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb."

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!" *C. Wesley.*

96. *Charms of the Saviour's Name.* C. M.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 O the rich depth of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath the cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all. *Anne Steele.*

97. *The Way, Truth, and Life.* C. M.

THOU art the way: to thee alone,
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life: the rending tomb
Proclaïms thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know—
That truth to keep—that life to win—
Whose joys eternal flow. *G. W. Doane.*

98. *"A Priest forever."* C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let me ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

John Cennick.

99. *Our Pattern.* C. M.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy;
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood,
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear;
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share! *Wm. Enfield.*

100. *Majestic Sweetness.* C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
  He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
  And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
  And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
  He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
  He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
  And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
  Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
  Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

101. *Patience of Jesus.* C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
  Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
  Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
  A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
  Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
  Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
  Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
  Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
  The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Sir Edward Denny.

102. *A present Help.* C. M.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name and sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call;
We test our lives by thine!

John G. Whittier.

103. *"O who like Thee!"* L. M.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O who like thee so humble bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
And learn of thee, the lowly One,
And like thee, all my journey run.

A. Cleveland Coxe.

104. *On the Mount with Christ.* L. M.

O MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days;

2 Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;

4 The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

5 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,

6 We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son, O hear ye him."

Arthur P. Stanley

105. *Jesus by the Way.* 7, 6.

THERE is a mighty Helper
For every time of need,
A true and faithful Brother,
Who is a Friend indeed.

2 How great is his compassion!
His love how rich and full!
His sympathy and kindness
How deep and wonderful!

3 When days are dark with trouble,
And life is full of care,
How sweet it is to linger,
And talk with Jesus there.

4 O still be ours the comfort,
In all our pilgrim way,
To walk and talk with Jesus,
In wisdom, day by day.

5 Our hearts have burned within us,
In converse by the way;
And in his blessed presence
We would abide for aye. *H. B. Hartzler.*

106. *Praise to Christ.* S. M.

JESUS, the Christ of God!
The Father's blessed Son!
The Father's bosom thine abode,
The Father's love thine own:—

2 Jesus, the Lamb of God!
Who, us from hell to raise,
Hast shed thy reconciling blood;—
We give thee endless praise.

3 God, and yet man, thou art;
  True God, true man art thou;
Of man, and of man's earth, a part,
  One with us thou art now;—

4 Great Sacrifice for sin!
  Giver of life for life!
Restorer of the peace within!
  True Ender of the strife!

5 To thee, the Christ of God,
  Thy saints exulting sing;
The bearer of our heavy load,
  Our own anointed King.

6 Rest of the weary, thou!
  To thee, our rest, we come;
In thee to find our dwelling now,
  Our everlasting home. *Horatius Bonar.*

107. *The Tears of Jesus.* 8, 7, 7.

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
  But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
  Is his everlasting name.
    Saviour, who can love like thee,
    Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
  When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
  Pillow of the troubled soul.
    Surely, none can feel like thee,
    Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
  He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
  Of the hearts he solaced here.
    Lord, when I am called to die,
    Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

Sir. Edward Denny.

108. *Immanuel.* 7.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King! *S. Sinn.*

109. *Our Prophet, Priest, and King.* H. M.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,—
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou Almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet. *I. Watts.*

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

---

110. *The Suffering of the Saviour.* **C. M.**

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do. *I. Watts.*

111. *The Love of a dying Saviour.* C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine! *S. Wesley, Sr.*

112. *Christ in the Garden.* L. M.

'T IS midnight—and, on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight—in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight—and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight—and from ether-plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
Wm. B. Tappan.

113. *Christ for me.* L. M.

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me:
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'T is finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee! *H. Bonar.*

114. *"It is finished."* L. M.

"'TIS finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'T is finished! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the victory won.

2 'T is finished! all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'T is finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'T is finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'T is finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

Samuel Stennett—alt.

115. *The Hidings of the Father's Face.* L. M.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah vailed his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

J. W. Cunningham.

116. *The dying Saviour.* L. M.

STRETCHED on the cross the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

3 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, unfeeling heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love. *Anne Steele.*

117. *The Atonement completed.* L. M.

'TIS finished! the Messiah dies;—
Cut off for sins, but not his own:
Accomplished is the sacrifice,—
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'T is finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made,
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The vail is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven,
C. Wesley.

118. *Gazing upon the Cross.* L. M.

LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of thy death,
Draw us and all men unto thee.

William Walsham How.

119. *A Saviour's dying Love.* L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

120. *Christ our Ransom.* L. M.

THE royal banners forward go;
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid;

2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from his side,
To wash us in that precious flood,
Where mingled water flowed, and blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told,
In true prophetic song of old;
Amidst the nations God, saith he,
Has reigned and triumphed from the tree.

4 O Tree of beauty! Tree of light!
O Tree with royal purple dyed!
Elect on whose triumphal breast,
Those holy limbs should find their rest,

5 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung,
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey!

Venantius Fortunatus. Tr. J. M. Neale.

121. *Transcendent Love.* L. M. 6 l.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:

Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

122. *Our Ransom paid.* S. M.

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe. *J. Fawcett.*

123. *Crowned with Thorns.* 7, 6.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux, Paul Gerhardt.
Tr. J. W. Alexander.

124. *Christ our Exemplar.* 7, 6 l.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

James Montgomery.

125. *Hail, Jesus!* 8, 7 D.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood
Opened is the gate of heaven:
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear. *J. Bakewell.*

126. *Glorying in the Cross.* 8, 7.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its Head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its Head sublime.

Sir John Bowring.

127. *The Voice of Calvary.* 8, 7, 4.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth and vails the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! *J. Evans.*

128. *What hast thou done for me?* **8, 6.**

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

Miss Frances R. Havergal.

129. *"Day of Darkness."* **P. M.**

'TWAS the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
Bleeding on the dreadful cross;

Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall, and Eden's loss!

2 Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
Gentile hate and Jewish malice
Lift the royal victim high;
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
Which the prophet once uplifted,
For a sinful world to die.

3 Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
And the sun his light denied;
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled, when the just One died.

4 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred symbol be;
Eminent amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
May it guide us still to thee.

F. H. Hedge, tr.

130. "*It is finished.*" P. M.

FROM the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling
Like a trumpet silver-clear:
'Tis the voice announcing pardon—
It is finished, is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that glorious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

H. Bonar.

RESURRECTION, PRIESTHOOD AND REIGN.

131. *My Redeemer lives!* L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley.

132. *Christ's Intercession.* L. M.

HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the bless'd assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

I. Watts.

133. *The Friend of Sinners dies.* L. M. D.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him, "Welcome to the skies!"

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

I. Watts.

134. *King of Kings and Lord of Lords.* C. M.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven:

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love. *Th. Kelly.*

135. *Jesus, our great High-Priest.* C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
It melts with pitying love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame:
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every trying hour. *I. Watts.*

136. *Christ, our Guide.* C. M.

JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From his high throne in bliss he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obeyed, adored. *Baptist W. Noel.*

137. *Jesus would have Sinners saved.* C. M.

THE Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Forgets not those, for whom on earth
He heaved his dying groan.

2 His greatness now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell;
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell.

3 For this he taught, and toiled, and bled;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought, and vanquished death;
For this he reigns in heaven.

4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to his name,
With whom you too shall live. *Unknown.*

138. *"The Lord is risen indeed."* S. M.

"THE Lord is risen indeed."
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed."
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed."
Then is his work performed;
The captive surely now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed."
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord. *Thos. Kelly.*

139. *The Reign of Jesus.* S. M.

JESUS, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed:
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad;

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
To him that rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more;
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad,
The vict'ry of his cross.

5 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight!

6 In mighty phalanx joined,
To battle all proceed;
Armed with th' unconquerable mind,
Which was in Christ, your Head.

C. Wesley.

140. *The Lord is risen.* 7.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry;
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Michael Weisse. Tr. Miss C. Winkworth.

141. *The Resurrection.* 7.

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own. *T. Scott.*

142. *Resurrection of Christ.* 7.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens, thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

C. Wesley.

143. *Liveth for evermore.* 7 D.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day;
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet,
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead
"Christ is risen," to-day, we cry;
Now he lives no more to die.

2 Christ, the Victim, undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Men together death and life;
Christians, on this happy day,
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
"Christ is risen," to-day, we cry;
Now he lives no more to die.

3 Christ, who once for sinners plead,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hopes on high!
Hail, thou King of victory!
Hail, thou Prince of life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

"Hymnary."

144. *Ascension Hymn.* 6, 4.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies;
Assume thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage. *Matthew Bridges.*

145. *The Reign of Christ.* 8, 7.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
From the fight return victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown him, crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! Angels crown him
Rich the trophies Jesus brings,
In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown him, crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Crown him, crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station,
O what joy the sight affords.
Crown him, crown him
King of kings and Lord of lords!

Thos. Kelly.

146. *Jesus, Victor over Death.* 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye saints, behold and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

Thos. Kelly.

147. *"Enthroned in Glory."* 8, 7. D.

JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
When we join th' bright angelic spirits,
In their sweetest, noblest lays;
We will sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

J. Bakewell.

148. *The glorious Conqueror.* 8, 7. D.

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;

Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel. *C. Wordsworth.*

149. *Baptiste.* 11.

WELCOME, happy morning! age to age shall say:
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
Lo, the dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph now.

3 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;

Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word,
'T is thine own third morning, rise, my buried Lord!

5 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee!

Venantius Fortunatus. Tr. J. Ellerton.
[Sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.]

HOLY SPIRIT.

150. *The promised Comforter.* L. M.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,—
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,—
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

3 If every one that asks may find,—
If still thou dost on sinners fall,—
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine. *C. Wesley.*

151. *The Spirit enlightens and renews.* L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;

Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know,
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind. *I. Watts.*

152. *Invocation.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee. *J. Stewart.*

153. *Prayer for the Spirit.* L. M.

FATHER of mercies, God of love!
Send down thy Spirit from above;
Let me his sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify and heal.

2 He is the source of every grace,
Of light and life and holiness;
By him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in him be wrought.

3 O let thy Holy Spirit come
And make my heart his constant home;
There his abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

Thomas Raffles.

154. *"Veni, Creator Spiritus!"* L. M.

COME, O Creator Spirit blessed!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God most high!
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Lat. Rabanus Maurus,
Tr. Edward Caswall.

155. *Receive ye the Holy Ghost.* L. M. 61.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Gregory the Great. Tr. J. Cosin.

156. *Invoking the Spirit.* C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. *I. Watts.*

157. *Waiting for the Spirit.* C. M.

SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race. *A. Reed.*

158. *The Outpouring of the Spirit.* C. M.

LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our heart reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.
Thomas Cotterill.

159. *Source of Light and Joy.* C. M.

GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Saviour glorified. *Thos. Haweis.*

160. *Life, Light, and Love.* C. M.

ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well:
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell. *Thomas Haweis.*

161. *The Earnest of Redemption.* C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
Safely convey me home. *I. Watts.*

162. *The enlightening Spirit.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine. *Charles Wesley.*

163. *I worship thee, O Holy Ghost.* C. M.

I WORSHIP thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for thy company.

2 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
I grieved thee long, alas! thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

3 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost,
At last it conquered me!

4 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
With thee each day is pentecost,
Each night nativity. *William F. Warren.*

164. *Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and thee. *T. Hart.*

165. *The Day of Pentecost.* S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,—
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou,
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. *J. Montgomery.*

166. *The Comforter.* S. M.

BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above.

2 Turn us with gentle voice
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

167. *Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.* T. D.

HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

M. M. Wells.

168. *Earnest of endless Rest.* 7.

GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with they heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker.

169. *His Grace entreated.* 7.

HOLY Spirit, truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Samuel Longfellow.

170. *For the Gift of the Spirit.* 8, 7. D.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light;
Rest upon this congregation:
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Hear, O hear our supplication,
Great Distributor of grace.

2 From that height, which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
Grant us thy illumination,
O thou Glory, shining down,
Rest on all this congregation,
From the Father and the Son.

3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more;
Rest on all this congregation,
Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
Make our hearts thy habitation,
Come upon us from above.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. J. C Jacobi.

171. *Pleading the Promise.* H. M.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,

Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

John Burton.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

172. *The Counsels of God revealed.* L. M.

GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live. *B. Beddome.*

173. *The everlasting Word.* L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;

4 But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Sir Robert Grant.

174. *The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.* L. M.

NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
He lifts my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Ottiwell Heginbotham.

175. *The brightening Glory of the Gospel.* L. M.

UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

Sir John Lowring.

176. *Glories of his Word.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

Anne Steele.

177. *The Book of Books.* C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. *J. Fawcett.*

178. *Perfection of the Law and Testimony.* C. M.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,—
The thoughts that throng my mind,—
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find. *J. Montgomery.*

179. *The Light and Glory of the Word.* C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heavenly day. *Wm. Cowper.*

180. *Riches of God's Word.* C. M.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find. *Samuel Stennet.*

181. *The saving Word.* C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age. *I. Watts.*

182. *Beauties of the Word.* C. M.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies. *I. Watts.*

183. *"O Word of God incarnate."* 7, 6.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O wisdom from on high,
O truth unchanged, unchanging,
O light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of thee, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.

O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

William Walsham How.

184. *The precious Bible.* 7.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine! *J. Burton.*

SALVATION.

MAN'S LOST CONDITION.

185. *Original Corruption and actual Sin.* L. M.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

Isaac Watts.

186. *Balm in Gilead, and a good Physician.* L.M.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

Anne Steele.

187. *Christ's pitying Love.* C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay;
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he sped;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak. *I. Watts.*

188. *Divine Power must do it.* C. M.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, except the power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. *Anne Steele.*

189. *Deliverance from Sin.* C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Weak, helpless, guilty, as I am,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all. *I. Watts.*

190. *In Trespasses and Sins.* S. M.

MY former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But hark! a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

3 With trembling hope I see
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

4 Forerunner of the sun,
  It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
  And watch the rising day. *Wm. Cowper.*

191. "*Jesus only.*" S. M.

NOT what these hands have done
  Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
  Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
  Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
  Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
  Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
  Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
  Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
  And set my spirit free. *H. Bonar.*

PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

192. *The cleansing Fountain.* C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
  Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
  Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
  That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
  Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. *Wm. Cowper.*

193. *The great Salvation.* C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see the heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *I. Watts.*

194. *The Gospel-Feast.* C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away. *Isaac Watts.*

195. *All-Sufficiency of the Gospel.* C. M.

THE Gospel! O what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,—
Thy fullness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all! *Anne Steele.*

196. *The bleeding Saviour's Blessings.* C. M.

AMAZING sight, the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:—
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

4 "Not to condemn your wretched race
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.

5 "Say—will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

A. Nettleton.

197. "*Not to condemn but save.*" C. M.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thus all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

4 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise. *I. Watts.*

198. *His boundless Grace.* C. M.

WHAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable! *Charles Wesley.*

199. *Life at the Cross.* P. M.

WOULDST thou eternal life obtain?
Now to the cross repair;
There stand, and gaze, and weep, and pray,
Where Jesus breathes his life away;
Eternal life is there.

2. Go;—'t is the Son of God expires!
Approach the shameful tree;
See, quivering there, the mortal dart,

In the Redeemer's loving heart,
O sinful soul! for thee.

3 Go;—there, from every streaming wound,
Flows rich atoning blood;
That blood can cleanse the deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.

4 Go;—at that cross thy heart, subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life, from Christ, to thee,
A vital stream shall flow. *Ray Palmer.*

200. *Redeeming Love.* L. M.

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 't is given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm, will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'T is thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears, and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. A. W. Boehm.

201. *The Divine Teacher.* L. M.

HOW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Sir John Bowring.

202. *Glorying in the Cross of Christ.* L. M.

WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly.

203. *To save Sinners.* L. M.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live:
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

I. Watts.

204. *The Gospel, the Power of God.* L. M.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his Gospel nigh;
'T is there such power and glory dwell,
As save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord. *Isaac Watts.*

205. *All invited.* S. M.

HOW vast, how full, how free,
The mercy of our God!
Proclaim the blessed news around,
And spread it all abroad.

2 How vast! "whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation now to him.

3 How full! it doth remove
The stain of every sin;
And makes the soul as white and pure,
As though no sin had been.

4 How free! it asks no price;
For God delights to give;
It only says, "Be not afraid,"
"Believe in Christ, and live."

5 Poor trembling sinner, come!
God waits to comfort thee;
Come, cast thyself upon his love,
So vast, so full, so free. *Unknown.*

206. *The Lamb of God.* S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love. *I. Watts.*

207. *The wondrous Gift.* S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

P. Doddridge.

208. "*Wounded for our Transgressions.*" H. M.

THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away,
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day:
To whom save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God:
To whom save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Horatius Bonar.

209. *The Year of Jubilee.* H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

210. *Endless Day.* 8, 4.

HARK! how the Gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God:
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail! Jesus, all-victorious Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share;
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
In endless day. *S. Medley.*

211. *Rejoicing in Hope.* H. M.

YE ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Charles Wesley.

212. *Proclaiming the universal Saviour.* H. M.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd
To celebrate with me

The Saviour of mankind:
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

4 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,—
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

C. Wesley.

213. *The Ninety and Nine.* P. M.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
‖: Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care. :‖

2 "Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'T is of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

Eliz. C. Clephane.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

214. *Haste, Traveler, haste!* L. M.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 O far from home thy footsteps stray,
Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
And Christ the light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

William B. Collyer.

215. *One Thing needful.* L. M.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

P. Doddridge.

216. *Haste, haste away!* L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer;
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found!

T. Dwight.

217. *God calling yet.* L. M.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. Miss J. Borthwick.

218. *Inward Whispers.* L. M.

SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. A. B. Hyde.

219. *The Saviour at the Door.* L. M.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands,
O matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand. *J. Grigg.*

220. *Come, weary Souls.* L. M.

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest, who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mold and guide us at thy will. *I. Watts.*

221. *All Things ready.* L. M.

SINNERS, obey the Gospel word!
Haste to the supper of your Lord,
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit from above,
To fill the broken heart with love,
T' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

C. Wesley.

222. *Just as thou art.* L. M.

JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, of joy, of inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come, O come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O wretched sinner, come, O come!

3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
O weary sinner, come, O come!

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come, O come!

5 "Come hither; bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O trembling sinner, come, O come!

6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,
The Saviour bids thee "come, O come!"

A. S. Cook.

223. *Choose ye this Day.* L. M.

KNOW, sinner, every one is free
To choose his course and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will *force no man to heaven.*

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct aright,
Bless us with wisdom, love, and light;
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never *force the human mind.*

3 O then no more your powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose!
Our God is pleased when we improve
His grace, and seek the worlds above.

4 But if you take the downward road,
And make in hell your last abode;
Our God is clear, and you shall know,
You plunged *yourself in endless woe.* *Anon.*

224. *Call to the Thirsty.* L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace is free for all."

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 "Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

5 "Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

6 "I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free;
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

7 "Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quickened your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall have." *J. Wesley.*

225. *Come, weary Souls, with Sin distressed.* L.M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load—
O come and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace—
How rich the gift; how free the grace!

4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest. *Anne Steele.*

226. *The Joys of Penitence.* L. M.

COME, O ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored:
His proffered benefits embrace,—
The plenitude of Gospel grace:—

2 Pardon written with his blood;
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:—

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart:
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, why such love to me:—

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that vails the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love. *C. Wesley.*

227. *Come to the Gospel Feast.* L. M.

COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

4 His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's almighty power,
And fight against your God no more.

5 This is the time, no more delay!
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all. *C. Wesley.*

228. *Sin kills beyond the Tomb.* C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent—thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
O think—before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave—
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters—and there's no defense;
His time, there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the Gospel calls, to-day,
Sinner, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue. *Joseph Hart.*

229. *Boast not thyself of To-morrow.* C. M.

WHY should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour might fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own;
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown.

3 O think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace!

4 O for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die. *M. Wilkes.*

230. *The prodigal Son.* C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Saviour calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
O now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day! *Thos. Hastings.*

231. *No Peace to the Wicked.* C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to death;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments breathe,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the naked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine. *J. Fawcett.*

232. *The Wanderer recalled.* C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return:
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return;
And wipe the fallen tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'T is love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, now return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast. *W. B. Collyer.*

233. *The good Resolve.* C. M.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die." *E. Jones.*

234. *Sufficiency and Freeness of the Gospel.* C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here:
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace:
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless. *S. Medley.*

235. *The Saviour's Call.* C. M.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease our every pain:
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die. *Anne Steele.*

236. *The accepted Time.* S. M.

NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love,
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above. *I. Dobell.*

237. *The Horrors of the second Death.* S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun:
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone. *J. Montgomery.*

238. *Return and come to God.* S. M.

RETURN and come to God;
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come;
'T is God vouchsafes to call;
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come then, whoever will,
Come while 't is called to-day;
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey. *Unknown.*

239. *All Things are ready.* S. M.

"ALL things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young,
Come, and be richly fed.

2 "All things are ready," come,
The invitation's given,
Through him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

3 "All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.

4 "All things are ready," come,
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee. *Albert Midlane.*

240. *Accepting the Invitation.* S. M.

COME, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Saviour calls his wanderers home;
Haste to your pardoning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
Answer the Saviour's call,
"O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all."

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely,
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there. *Charles Wesley, alt.*

241. *Seek him while he may be found.* S. M.

MY Son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found;
Seek him while he is near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

Robert C. Brackenbury.

242. *I hear thy welcome Voice.* S. M.

I HEAR thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to thee
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHOR.: I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness!

L. Hartsough.

243. *Haste, O Sinner!* 7.

HASTE, O sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste, O sinner, now return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun. *T. Scott.*

244. *The Voice of Jesus.* 7.

COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home:
Weary wanderer, hither come.

2 Thou, who homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye, who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease but seek in vain,
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn.

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

245. *Come unto Me.* 7.

COME, ye weary souls opprest,
Find in Christ the promised rest:
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find:
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffered bliss.

4 Debtors, who have naught to pay,
Come to Jesus, haste away;
All your sins on him were laid,
All your debts the Surety paid.

5 "It is finished," lo! he cries,
There on yonder cross he dies;
O believe the record true,
Jesus died for such as you. *Anon.*

246. *The Poor and Needy invited.* 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;

Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Joseph Hart.

247. *Hear and live.* 8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen.

248. *Why will ye die?* 7. D.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will you cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
Christ, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

C. Wesley.

249. *Come and Welcome.* 7, 6 *l.*

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,

Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Thomas Haweis.

250. *Turn ye.* 11.

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

Josiah Hopkins.

251. *The opened Fountain.* 8, 7.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful,—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

J. Montgomery.

252. *To-day.* 6, 4.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wand'rers come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O listen now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away
'T is mercy's hour. *S. F. Smith.*

253. *Only trust Him.* 8, 6.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

Chorus.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

J. H. Stockton.

254. *What shall the Harvest be?* P. M.

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
O what shall the harvest be?
O what shall the harvest be?

Chorus.

‖: Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, :‖
‖: Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, :‖
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
O what shall the harvest be?
O what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
O what shall the harvest be?
O what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
O what shall the harvest be?
O what shall the harvest be?

Mrs. Emily S. Oakey.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

---

255. *Just as I am.* L. M.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am; and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliot.

256. *Condemned but pleading the Promise.* L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sin confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair. *I. Watts.*

257. *Seek ye my Face.* L. M.

LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Opprest with fears, to thee I call,
Reveal thy pardoning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face, thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face and live.

3 I'll seek thy face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And if not heard I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord, behold my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain!
Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

Anon.

258. *The healing and cleansing Fountain.* L. M.

BY faith I to the fountain fly,
Opened for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,—
My life and heart's impurity.

2 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows,
The purple and the crystal stream;
Pardon and holiness bestows,
And both I gain through faith in him.

J. Wesley.

259. *The Prayer of the Prodigal.* L.M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord! I cry;
The pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God! be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven.

260. *The Prayer of Penitence.* L. M.

HERE at thy cross, my Saviour God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
O wash me, Jesus, in thy blood,
And fit me for a throne above!

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 I'm safe, and naught my soul shall harm;
Thy blood shall cleanse my guilt away;
Thy voice each rising fear shall calm,
And guide me up to realms of day!

I. Watts.

261. *A broken Heart.* L. M.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

I. Watts.

262. *We lift our Eyes to Thee.* C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power:
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die:
O speak, and I shall live:
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give. *C. Wesley.*

263. *Contrition's Cry.* C. M.

O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine. *Anne Steele.*

264. *The Mercy-Seat.* C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "thou hast died."

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;"
'T is Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe. *John Newton.*

265. *The Sinner's Friend.* C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When earthly helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me. *Richard Burnham.*

266. *Sufficient Grace.* C. M.

O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppressed with sins desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice. *I. Watts.*

267. *Reposing on Christ.* C. M.

WE sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,
With sighs and prayers and tears,
To thee our inmost cares impart,
Our burdens and our fears.

2 Thy sovereign grace can give relief,
Thou Source of peace and light!
Dispel the gloomy cloud of grief,
And make our darkness bright.

3 Around thy Father's throne on high,
All heaven thy glory sings;
And earth, for which thou cam'st to die,
Loud with thy praises rings.

4 Dear Lord, to thee our prayers ascend;
Our eyes thy face would see:
O let our weary wanderings end,
Our spirits rest in thee!

Bernard of Clairvaux.

268. *Faith.* C. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer;
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise. *D. Turner.*

269. *Kneeling at the Cross.* C. M.

O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze at thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'T was for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on thee.

5 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, forever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On thy great judgment-day. *Ray Palmer.*

270. *Faith without Works is dead.* C. M.

MISTAKEN souls that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'T is faith that changes all the heart;
'T is faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour. *I. Watts.*

271. *I would be Thine.* C. M.

I WOULD be thine: O take my heart,
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within;
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith; infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore. *Andrew Reed.*

272. *The Blood of Sprinkling.* C. M.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry:
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my broken heart.

4 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified. *C. Wesley.*

273. *The Prodigal's Return.* C. M.

THE prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,—
The long-lost son is found!

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

274. *The Power of Faith.* C. M.

FAITH is the Spirit's sweet control,
From which assurance springs;
Faith is the pencil of the soul,
That pictures heavenly things;

2 Faith is the throb of love that makes
Man rest on God alone,
Faith is the wondrous power that shakes
The Tempter on his throne;

3 Faith is the smile that plays around
The dying Christian's brow;
Faith was the light by which he found
The hope that fills him now;

4 Faith is the lamp that burns to guide
Our bark when tempest-driven;
Faith is the key that opens wide
The distant gates of heaven. *Baptist Noel.*

275. *The Gate of Mercy.* C. M.

O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting sore my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate;

2 A gate that opens wide to those
Who own and mourn their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

4 Therefore I come with tears to beg
Of my offended God
His pardon, like a child that dreads
His angry parent's rod.

5 So come I to thy mercy gate
Where pardon does abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal the deadly wound.

6 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy now is all my prayer,
O let thy mercy come! *John Medley.*

276. *I yield, I yield.* S. M.

AND can I yet delay,
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart. *C. Wesley.*

277. *Restore my Peace.* S. M.

AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst: pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

5 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more. *C. Wesley.*

278. *To whom should we go?* S. M.

AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

5 Jesus, the hinderance show,
Which I have feared to see:
And let me now consent to know,
What keeps me back from thee.

6 I now believe in thee,
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done! *C. Wesley.*

279. *Mercy implored.* S. M.

THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through thine incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou canst alone remove;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.
Benj. Beddome.

280. *Light dawning upon the Soul.* S. M.

OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at the gate;
Open, and take me in.

3 O hearken to my voice,—
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

4 Glory to God above,—
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud;
Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
His bow is in the cloud.

James Montgomery.

281. *Rock of Ages.* 7, 6 l.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side that flowed
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

A. M. Toplady.

282. *The only Refuge.* 7, 8 l.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. *C. Wesley.*

283. *The true Light.* 7, 6 l.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,

Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. *C. Wesley.*

284. *Help, or I perish.* 7, 6 l.

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;

By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die. *R. Grant.*

285. *"Lamb of God."* 7, 6 l.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly!
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, O save my sinking soul!

2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine—forever thine—I am!
Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb!

Ray Palmer.

286. *The Garden Scene.* 7, 6 l.

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul! no longer mourn;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There thine every sin he bore:
Weeping soul! lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice:
There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see;
There his Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 See thy God his head bow down;
Hear the Man of sorrows groan.
For thy ransom there condemned,
Stripped, derided, and blasphemed:
Bleeds the guiltless for th' unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin. *A. M. Toplady.*

287. *Comfort for the Mourning.* 7, 6, 8 l.

DROOPING souls! no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious;
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near him;
Drooping souls! you need not die,
Go to him, and hear him!

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden!"
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
All his saints adore him;
He to save the dying came;—
Prostrate bow before him!
Wandering sinners! now return;
Contrite souls! believe him!
Jesus calls you; cease to mourn;
Worship him; receive him.

Thos. Hastings.

288. *Confession of Sin.* 7, 6, 8 l.

O JESUS, my salvation,
Low at thy cross I lie;
Lord, in thy great compassion,
Hear my bewailing cry.
I come to thee with mourning,
I come to thee in woe;
With contrite heart returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for me lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before thee,
I tell them one by one;
O for thy name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done.

3 And in this heart now broken
Enter thou in and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again,
And build me up and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in thy presence hide me,
And wash my sins away. "*Hymnary.*"

289. *Mercy supplicated.* 7.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare!
Cries, "How shall I give thee up!"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet.

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more. *C. Wesley.*

290. *Weary of Sin.* 7.

JESUS! full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away.

2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;

4 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart. *Unknown.*

291. *Christ's Yoke easy.* 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted—
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet:
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet,
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Or full springs in desert dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise. *Jos. Swain.*

292. *Seeking a Blessing.* 8, 7.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not! thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, O bless me. *Eliz. Codner.*

293. *Self-Consecration.* 8, 7.

TAKE me, O my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father! falling,
To thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;

6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy hope forever living,
I must be forever blest! *Ray Palmer.*

294. *Prayer of the Penitent.* 8, 7.

PITYING Saviour, look with blessing
On a poor and pleading soul;
Hear me now my guilt confessing;
Let thy healing make me whole.

2 Far from wisdom's ways I've wandered,
And my soul of peace bereaved—
Precious gifts have basely squandered,
And thy goodness deeply grieved.

3 All my evil course lamenting—
Sinful thought and word and deed—
Humbled, contrite, and repenting,
For thy mercy now I plead.

4 Hear the voice of my contrition;
Let thy love my sorrows heal;
Grant my sins complete remission;
Full thy blessed peace reveal. *S. Wolcott.*

295. *Grace nigh.* 8, 7.

LORD! I know thy grace is nigh me,
Thee thyself I cannot see;
Jesus, Master! pass not by me;
Son of David! pity me.

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste thy loving-kindness;
"Lord! I would receive my sight."

3 I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore thee;
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah! what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo! the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints that throng behind him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find him
Who can turn their night to day.
H. D. Gause.

296. *For perfect Peace.* S. M.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's friend,
And set me up on high.

2 From hell's oppressive power,
My struggling soul release;
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

3 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace,
Are both derived from thee.

4 Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

5 Come, then, impute, impart
To me thy righteousness;
And let me taste how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace.

6 That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify;
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die. *C. Wesley.*

297. *O take me as I am.* 8, 6.

JESUS, my Lord, to thee I cry,
Unless thou help me, I must die:
O bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

Chorus:—I linger at the mercy seat;
Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet!
Thy work in me begin, complete;
O take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
And thou canst make me what thou wilt,
But take me as I am!

3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

298. *The Penitent's Plea.* C. P. M.

O THOU that hearest the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclogged by earth of earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
To everlasting day. *A. M. Toplady.*

299. *Looking unto Jesus.* 7, 6, 8.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.

From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be oppressed:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possessed:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

3 Worldly good I do not want;
Be that to others given:
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven:
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast. *C. Wesley.*

300. *Pass me not.* 8, 5.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

Cho.:—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief. *Cho.*

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace. *Cho.*

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee!
Whom in heaven but thee? *Cho.*

Fanny J. Crosby.

JUSTIFICATION, REGENERATION AND ADOPTION.

---

301. *Sufficiency of the Atonement.* L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved, through these, I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

N. L. Zinzendorf. Tr. J. Wesley.

302. *Indulge my humble Claim.* L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy daughter, bought with blood!

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 't would a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from thee, Lord!

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days. *I. Watts.*

303. *Peace and Hope of the Righteous.* L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as Summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to Eden's hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

304. *Complete in Jesus.* L. M.

MY soul complete in Jesus stands;
It fears no more the law's demands;
The love of God abides within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives,
Accepts the peace his pardon gives,
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies!
And cries—"'T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?"

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King;
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. Grace W. Hinsdale.

305. *Salvation by Grace.* L. M.

WE have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood,
That blood which doth for sinners speak;
O let it speak us up to God! *C. Wesley.*

306. *Safe in Christ.* L. M.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls;
And mercy like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.
I. Watts.

307. *The new Joy.* L. M.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O smile, and heal the strife.

2 The Saviour smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The newborn peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

4 Bright heralds of the eternal will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

5 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

Augustus L. Hillhouse.

308. *Alive in Christ.* L. M. 6 l.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'T is mystery all! the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'T is mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'T is mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own. *C. Wesley.*

309. *The solid Rock.* L. M. 6 l.

MY hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand. *Ed. Mote.*

310. *A blessed Hope.* C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

5 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go,
To see the God we seek;

6 In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity. *C. Wesley.*

311. *A blessed Change.* C. M.

ALL that I was, my sin and guilt,
My death was all my own,—
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is thine, and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live—I live!

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth;
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee. *H. Bonar.*

312. *I will take the Cup of Salvation.* C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts he hath bestowed,
And humbly ask for more.

2 My vows I will to his great name
Before his people pay,
And all I have, and all I am,
Upon his altar lay.

3 Thine forever! O how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my All!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Mary A. S. Barber.

313. *"The secret Place."* C. M.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry Francis Lyte.

314. *Living Temples.* S. M.

AND will the mighty God,
Whom heaven cannot contain,
Make me his temple and abode,
And in me live and reign?

2 Come, Spirit of the Lord,
Teacher and heavenly guide!
Be it according to thy word,
And in my heart reside.

3 O Holy, Holy Ghost!
Pervade this soul of mine:
In me renew thy Pentecost,
Reveal thy power divine!

4 Make it my highest bliss
Thy blessed fruits to know;
Thy joy, and peace, and gentleness
Goodness and faith to show.

5 Be it my greatest fear
Thy holiness to grieve;
Walk in the Spirit even here,
And in the Spirit live. *George Rawson.*

315. *He changes not.* S. M.

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'T is everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'T is stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change—he changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 I know he liveth now
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which he sits;
I know his truth and love. *H. Bonar.*

316. *Blessed Souls.* S. M.

O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone. *I. Watts.*

317. *Abba, Father.* S. M.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear,
How great we must be made;
For when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath thy throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own. *I. Watts.*

318. *God's great Love.* S. M. D.

ONCE blind with sin and self,
Along the treacherous way,
That ends in ruin at the last,
I hastened far astray;

Then God sent down his son,
For with a love most deep,
Most undeserved, his heart still yearns
O'er me, poor wandering sheep.

2 God with his life of love
To me was far and strange,
My heart clung only to the world
Of sight and sense and change;
In thee, Immanuel,
Are God and man made one;
In thee my heart hath peace with God,
And union in the Son.

3 O ponder this, my soul,
Our God hath loved us thus,
That even his only dearest Son
He freely giveth us.
Thou precious gift of God,
The pledge and bond of love,
With thankful heart I kneel to take
This treasure from above.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

319. *Before the Cross.* 8, 7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee,
In our souls thy love increase.

5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

6 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

James Allen.

320. *"I am what I am."* 7.

BLESSED fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

T. Kelly.

321. *Blessedness of Sonship.* 7.

BLEST are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave·
Life, eternal life, they have.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one:
Glory is in them begun. *I. Humphry.*

322. *Ye must be born again.* C. P. M.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
Exposed to endless woe;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinners must be born again,
Or else to ruin go.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell;
For death and hell drew near.
I strove indeed, but strove in vain—
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in mine ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increased my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare:
Yet when I found this truth remain:
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed this way,
I felt his pity move.
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

6 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumbered millions born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

Sampson Occum.

323. *Abba, Father.* II. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary!
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry. *C. Wesley.*

324. *The Soul's Anchorage.* L. M. 61.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

J. A. Rothe. Tr. J. Wesley.

325. *His p'enteous Grace.* 10, 11.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace:

3 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defense;
I trust in his word; none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favor, he all things will do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own;
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

C. Wesley.

326. *Accepted in the Beloved.* 10. 11.

ALL praise to the Lamb! accepted I am,
Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name:
In him I confide, his blood is applied;
For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

2 Not a cloud doth arise, to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes:
In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

C. Wesley.

ASSURANCE.

---

327. *Adoption.* C. M.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive. *P. Doddridge.*

328. *Perfect Assurance.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven:
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

A. Nettleton.

329. *Prayer for Witness.* C. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

Thos. Cotterill.

330. *Walk in the Light.* C. M.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light. *B. Barton.*

331. *Knowledge of Forgiveness.* S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 Stronger than death or hell,
The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love. *C. Wesley.*

332. *Grateful Confidence.* S. M.

I BLESS the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call the Saviour mine.

2 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

3 'T is he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives:
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.

4 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day. *H. Bonar.*

333. *The revealing and witnessing Spirit.* S. M. D.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'T is thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
That he who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the vail away,
And breathe the living word:

Then, only then we feel
Our int'rest in his blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,—
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart:
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart. *C. Wesley.*

334. *I know I love Him.* L. M.

I KNOW I love my Saviour now,
As once I knew I loved him not:
His hand of love has sealed my vow,
And fixed my new and blissful lot.

2 My faith has found a resting-place,
Whereon my weary soul can lie;
And peace, and joy, and boundless grace
Enfold me like a Summer sky.

3 The storms may come, the sunshine go,
My Friend will still be true and strong;
His hand will wipe the tears that flow,
And bear my trembling soul along.

4 I know I love him, feel him mine;
He rules my soul with gentle sway,
He guides me still in light divine,
And bids me wait his crowning day.

H. B. Hartzler.

335. *The Witness of the Spirit.* H. M.

EARNEST of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail;
The cleansing gift on saints bestowed,
The witness of their peace with God.

2 By thee, on earth, we know,
Ourselves in Christ renewed;
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God;
Of his adopting love the seal,
And faithful teacher of his will.

3 Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down;
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown;
Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

A. M. Toplady.

CONSECRATION.

---

336. *The Vow sealed at the Cross.* L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Samuel Davies.

337. *Renouncing all for Christ.* L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Mad. A. Bourignon. Tr. J. Wesley.

338. *The Lord is my Portion.* L. M.

O LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

C. Wesley.

339. *A living Sacrifice.* L. M. 61.

O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my body, 't is thy shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine:
This house still let thy presence fill:
O Source of life! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

Joachim Lange. Tr. J. Wesley.

340. *Dedication to God.* H. M.

MY soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

2 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live;
To thee my every breath

In thanks and praises give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

C. Wesley.

341. *Self-Consecration.* L. M. D.

O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine,
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine:
Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
O call me thine own blessed child:
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart.

Unknown.

342. *Self-Dedication to the Lord.* C. M.

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest!
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest;
His goodness calls thee home.

2 What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

3 This will I do for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim;
The cup of thy salvation take,
And call upon thy name.

4 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow:—

5 Henceforth to thee myself I give;
With single heart and eye
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

James Montgomery.

343. *Accept my Heart.* C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges.

344. *The Fullness of God.* C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God. *C. Wesley.*

345. *Renewing the Covenant.* C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day. *C. Wesley.*

346. *Bought with a Price.* C. M.

LET him, to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfill our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire!

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity. *C. Wesley.*

347. *Jesus my All.* S. M.

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

4 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love. *C. Wesley.*

348. *Write thy Law upon my Heart.* S. M.

THAT blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart.

2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

4 Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfill,
In me, Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will. *C. Wesley.*

349. *The Cross-Bearer.* 8, 7 D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition;
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends forsake me;
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me. *H. F. Lyte.*

350. *A full Surrender.* 8, 7, 4.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion,
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here.
William Mason.

351. *Consecration.* 7.

GIVER of each perfect gift!
By thy cleansing mercy healed,
Up to thee our souls we lift,
And to thee our bodies yield.

2 Now our sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through thy Son;
In thee may we ever live;
In us may thy will be done.

3 Meet it is, and just and right,
Wholly thine that we should be;
In thy sacred word delight,
Now and through eternity.

4 O that every deed and word
May proclaim how good thou art!
Holiness unto the Lord,
Now be written on each heart! *Unknown.*

352. *Perfect Peace.* 7.

PRINCE of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Mary A. S. Barber.

353. *Asking and Receiving.* 7.

JESUS, at thy feet I fall,
On thy sacred name I call;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Hear my pray'r and cleanse my soul.

2 This I humbly beg of thee,
Do thou make me truly free;
Free from Satan's galling chains,
Free from sin and all its stains.

3 Thou the sinner's Saviour art,
Thou canst cleanse the contrite heart;
Thou canst fix my thoughts above,
Thou canst perfect me in love.

4 This believing I rejoice,
In thy love with heart and voice;
Now I rise to live for thee
Till thy glorious face I see.

H. J. Bowman.

354. *"Ye are not your own."* 7.

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Chorus.—All to thee, all to thee,
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always—only—for my King.

3 Take my lips and let them be
Fill'd with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Miss Frances R. Havergal.

355. *"Cleanseth from all sin."* 7.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

Ref.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

W. McDonald.

356. *"Cleanse me from my sin."* 7.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever near thy side.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray
I can never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

357. *Only Jesus will I know.* 7, 6, 7.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy pomps, thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'T is all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
Ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of his love I speak,
Who freely died for me;
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing will I seek beside:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

C. Wesley.

358. *I give myself to Thee.* 6, 6, 4.

SAVIOUR, who died for me,
I give myself to thee;
Thy love, so full, so free,
Claims all my powers.
Be this my purpose high,
To serve thee till I die,
Whether my path shall lie
'Mid thorns or flowers.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear thy voice,
Thou art my only choice,
O bid my heart rejoice,
Be thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only thee;
Thy faithful servant be,
Thine to the end.
For thee, I'll do and dare,
For thee the cross I'll bear,
To thee direct my prayer,
On thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side;
Support, defend, and guide;
I look to thee.
I lay my hand in thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call thee mine
Eternally. *Miss Mary J. Mason.*

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

359. *Thirsting for the Fullness of Love.* L.M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified. *J. Wesley.*

360. *Waiting for the Promise.* L. M.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace!
O all-atoning Lamb of God!
I wait to see thy glorious face:
I seek redemption in thy blood.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope:
The faithful promise I receive:
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the Gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4 My flesh, which cries,—It cannot be,
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word. *C. Wesley.*

361. *The Canaan of perfect Love.* L. M.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains, and stands forever sure;

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!
C. Wesley.

362. *Prayer for entire Sanctification.* L. M.

O GOD of peace, thee we implore
On us thy richest grace to pour,
And wholly sanctify us now,
As at the mercy seat we bow.

2 Our spirit, soul, and body, Lord;
We offer up with one accord,
And pray that these may blameless be,
Until thy presence we shall see.

3 Faithful and able art thou, Lord,
Who callest by thy gracious word;
Now touch our waiting hearts anew,
And sanctify us through and through.

A. W. Orwig.

363. *Prayer for Holiness.* L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee,
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. J. Wesley.

364. *Holy Spirit, come.* L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire!
Come fill thy earthly temples now;
Emptied of every base desire,
Reign thou within, and only thou.

2 Thy sovereign right, thy gracious claim,
To every thought and every power—
Our lives—to glorify thy name,
We yield in this accepted hour.

3 Fill every chamber of the soul;
Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill,
Till under thy supreme control
Submissive rests our cheerful will.

4 My outstretched hands to heaven I lift,
And claim the Father's promise mine;
The altar sanctifies the gift;
The blood insures the boon divine.

5 'T is done! thou dost this moment come;
My longing soul is all thine own;
My heart is thy abiding home;
Henceforth I live for thee alone.

6 Now rise, exulting rise, my soul,
Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise;
His name through earth and skies extol,
With all thy power through all thy days.

F. Bottome.

365. *Christ all in all.* L. M.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace,
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
  Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
  And feel that Christ is all in all.

C. Wesley.

366. *The Will of God.* L. M.

HE wills that I should holy be:
  That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
  To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
  Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
  In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
  And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
  Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
  Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
  And bless me with thy perfect love.

C. Wesley.

367. *The Prize of our high Calling.* L. M. 61.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
  No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
  And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
  May dwell, but thy pure love alone.
O may thy love possess me whole,
  My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 Unwearied may I this pursue;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. J. Wesley.

368. *Christ in you, the Hope of Glory.* L.M. 6 l.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

4 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba, Father," cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. J. Wesley.

369. *Crucified with Christ.* L. M. 6 l.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

4 My will be swallowed up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

C. Wesley.

370. *Blessed are the Pure in Heart.* C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart!
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossessed,
From every sin I cease.

6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love. *C. Wesley.*

371. *Entire Purification.* C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me all thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The cleansing of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love. *C. Wesley.*

4 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

5 On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love. *C. Wesley.*

376. *Prayer for the refining Fire.* C. M.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole. *C. Wesley.*

377. *Aspiring after Holiness.* C. M.

THOU God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
O may I walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart:

2 Until, transform'd by faith divine,
I gain that love unknown;
And bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

3 Now, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again,
To reimpress thine image, lost
By frail, apostate man;

4 O might I, Lord, thy form express,—
Begotten from above,—
Be stamp'd with perfect holiness,
And fill'd with perfect love!

C. Wesley.

378. *Come, Lord Jesus.* C. M.

O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restor'd to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet Paradise.

2 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

3 The counsel of thy love fulfill;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

4 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffus'd abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever filled with God! *C. Wesley.*

379. *For entire Consecration.* S. M.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer. *C. Wesley.*

380. *Living and dying to Jesus.* S. M.

JESUS! I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blessed love I rest.

2 Jesus! I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord!
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Henry Harbaugh.

381. *Perfect Liberty.* S. M.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health remove,—
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well-pleasing in thy sight.

4 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

C. Wesley.

382. *Purity of Heart.* S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee. *John Keble.*

383. *The new Creation.* 8, 7, D.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
C. Wesley.

384. *Joy of full Salvation.* 8, 7, 6 l.

FULL salvation! full salvation!
Lo! the fountain open'd wide
Streams through ev'ry land and nation,
From the Saviour's wounded side:
Full salvation! streams an endless crimson tide.

2 O'er the page of condemnation
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of deep carnation
Whiter than the driven snow:
Full salvation! O the rapturous bliss to know!

3 Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within;
Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
Now, and every instant, clean;
Full salvation! full salvation from all sin!

4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo, the Spirit seeks his shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
O what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation, raised in Christ to life divine.

5 Care and doubting, sin and sorrow,
Fear and shame, are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before;
Full salvation! full and free for evermore!

F. Bottome.

385. *Prayer for full Salvation.* 8, 7.

PURE and free from all corruption,
Lamb of God, I long to be,—
To redeem me from destruction
Thou didst die on Calvary.

2 Here in humble consecration,
All I have to thee I give;
Give me now thy full salvation,
Help me for thyself to live.

3 Purge out every wrong desire,
Bid thy rivals all depart;
Kindle flames of holy fire
On the altar of my heart.

4 Come, thou author of salvation,
Through thy blood, O make me free!
Fix me firm on faith's foundation,
In thy love now perfect me.

5 At thy feet I wait, believing,
Hear, O hear my humble cry;
Grant me, through my faith receiving,
Perfect vict'ry from on high.

6 Lord, I trust thee without doubting,
Lord, I praise thee,—I am thine!
In my inmost soul I'm shouting,
"I am Christ's, and he is mine!"

W. Horn. Tr. H. J. Bowman.

386. *Fully Trusting.* 8, 7.

I AM trusting, trusting surely
In my precious Saviour's word;
Peace pervading deeply, purely,
Fills my spirit from the Lord.

2 I am leaning, wholly leaning
On his blood and righteousness;
Now a new and richer meaning
All the promises possess.

3 I am longing, daily longing
In this life of faith to grow,
Strong desires my heart are thronging
Heights and depths of love to know.

4 I am living, hourly living
On the strength which he supplies;
Never wearies he of giving
Answers instant to my cries.

5 I am praying, ever praying,
"Let thy will in me be done,"
And I read his answer, saying:
"I'll complete the work begun." *H. N. V.*

387. *Panting after the Fullness of Love.* C. P. M.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest. *C. Wesley.*

388. *Ineffable Love.* 7.

JESUS, full of love divine,
I am thine and thou art mine;
Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.

2 More and more of love I claim,
Glowing still with quenchless flame;
All my heart to thee aspires,
Yearns with infinite desires.

3 Every thought, design, and word,
Burns with love to thee, my Lord;
Body, soul, and spirit joined,
All in love to thee combined.

4 Ever since I saw thy face,
Proved thy plenitude of grace,
Chose thee as the better part—
Love has filled and fired my heart.

5 Jesus, Saviour, thou art mine;
Jesus, all I have is thine:
Never shall the altar-fire,
Kindled on my heart, expire.

6 Love my darkness shall illume,
Love shall all my sins consume:
Sweetly then I die to prove
An eternity of love! *Benjamin Gough.*

389. *Whiter than Snow.* 11.

DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever, to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHOR: Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing by faith, I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know,
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.

J. Nicholson.

390. *Take me as I am.* 8, 6.

BEHOLD me, Saviour, at thy feet,
Deal with me as thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, thy work complete,
But take me as I am.

2 Spirit of God! O breathe on me!
The Saviour's glory make me see;
Changed to his image let me be;
Come to me as I am.

3 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am.

4 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am! *Unknown.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

---

391. *Christ, our Confidence.* 6, 4.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul. *R. Palmer.*

392. *"I need Thee."* L. M.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need thee, O I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. *Mrs. Anna S. Hawks.*

393. *Prayer.* L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's prayer 't is God indites,
He speaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy interest there.

4 If pains afflict, if wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, if fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sins distress,
The remedy's before thee, pray.

5 It's prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail:
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

J. Hart.

394. *The Mercy-Seat.* L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee from aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat. *H. Stowell.*

395. *Blessedness of Prayer.* L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright:
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Wm. Cowper.

396. *At Jesus' Feet.* L. M.

O THAT I could forever dwell,
Delighted at the Saviour's feet;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake. *A. Reed.*

397. *To the Source of Wisdom.* L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him, who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption—O what grace!
Its wonders—O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright—
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

Robert Needham.

398. *Sweet Hour of Prayer.* L. M. D.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

W. W. Walford.

399. *His Loving-Kindness.* L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He, justly, claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Through numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Samuel Medley.

400. *Jesus has done all Things well.* L. M.

NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess;
His wisdom all his works express;
But O his love, what tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 I spurned his grace—I broke his laws,
But yet he undertook my cause,
To save me though I did rebel;
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 At last my soul has known his love,
What mercy has he made me prove!
Mercy which doth all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 If e'er my Saviour and my God
Did on me lay his chast'ning rod
I knew whatever me befell,
My Jesus would do all things well.

6 So when I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath,
Then, then, my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweet seraphs in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well. *Unknown.*

401. *Join to praise Him.* L. M.

JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In him forever to rejoice.

2 With him I daily love to walk,
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my every care;
Like him one day I shall appear.

3 Take him for strength and righteousness,
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.

4 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To him your highest praise belongs;
Bless him who does your heaven prepare,
And whom you'll praise forever there.
Unknown.

402. *Praise to God.* L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 't is good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or war-like horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks and loves his image there.

I. Watts.

403. *For the Spirit's Guidance.* L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,—
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,—
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hovering, hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews, my heart.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!

C. Wesley.

404. *True Prayer.* C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays."

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

J. Montgomery.

405. *Prayer.* C. M.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Benj. Boddome.

406. *Meeting in Jesus' Name.* C. M.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But, O thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive." *C. Wesley.*

407. *The Lord's Prayer.* C. M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be. *Adoniram Judson.*

408. *Prayer for divine Interposition.* C. M.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room. *J. Newton.*

409. *Talk with me, Lord.* C. M.

TALK, mith me, Lord: thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let it feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing I forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

C. Wesley.

410. *Prayer moves Omnipotence.* C. M.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

John A. Wallace.

411. *Singing the Redeemer's Praise.* C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ear,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for *me*.

5 He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

C. Wesley.

412. *Look to Things above.* C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end;
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly things look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love. *C. Wesley.*

413. *Perpetual Praise.* C. M.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my fleeting days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing
When death shall close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 Then shall my lips in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

Ottiwell Heginbotham.

414. *Remember me!* C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear and remember me.

4 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me."

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me. *Thomas Haweis.*

415. *The Glories of our King.* C. M.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 O for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate his praise. *Anne Steele.*

416. *Evening.—Solitude.* C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day. *Phœbe Brown.*

417. *The Throne of Grace.* S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and thy love,—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in thee. *J. Newton.*

418. *Strike your Harps.* S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears,
Subside at his control,
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul. *A. M. Toplady.*

419. *Heaven upon Earth.* S. M.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul. *I. Watts.*

420. *Trust and Aspiration.* L. M.

FATHER! I own thy voice,
I seek thy loving face;
The fountain of my sweetest joys
Is thine abounding grace.

2 Saviour! I cling to thee,
Thou victor in the strife;
Thy blood-paid ransom set me free,
My peace, my hope, my life.

3 Father! behold thy child;
Guide me, and guard from ill;
In dangers thick, through deserts wild,
Be my protector still.

4 Saviour! gird me with power
For thee the cross to bear;
Victorious in temptation's hour,
Safe from the secret snare.

5 Ancient of days! to thee
By love celestial drawn,
My soul thy majesty shall see,
And greet her glory's dawn.
S. Wolcott.

421. *A Song of Deliverance.* S. M.

MY soul doth praise the Lord,
His mercy is so great:
He doth fulfill his gracious word
While at his feet I wait.

2 He daily loadeth me
With gifts from heaven above;
Bestows his grace so rich and free,
And fills my soul with love.

3 He doth my sins forgive,
My longings satisfy;
Helps me the life of faith to live,
And him to glorify.

4 O for such boundless love,
Let heaven and earth give praise,
To him who reigns and rules above,
And saves me by his grace.

H. J. Bowman.

422. *What a Friend.* 8, 7. D.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there. *H. Bonar.*

423. *Nearer to Thee.* 6, 4.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee :‖
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

424. *"A Way they knew not."* 6, 4.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;

Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me! *C. S. Robinson.*

425. *"Something for Thee."* 6, 4.

SAVIOUR, thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee,
At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity,
Something for thee. *D. S. Phelps.*

426. *The Fount of every Blessing.* 8, 7. D.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above. *R. Robinson.*

427. *Praise to the Deity.* 8, 7 D.

O MY God, how thy salvation
Fills my soul with peace and joy,
Patience gives, and consolation
Which the world cannot destroy!
Praise to God, the glorious giver,
Christ, the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter forever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 For that love whose tender mercies
Purest joys do daily bring,
I will in my life confess thee,
With my mouth thy praises sing:
Praise to God, the glorious giver,
Christ, the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter forever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

John S. B. Monsell.

428. *Angels and Men unite in his Praise.* 8, 7, 4.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

Thomas Olivers.

429. *"Thy Face we seek."* 7.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee. *W. Hammon*

430. *"He first loved us."* **7.**

SAVIOUR! teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me. *Unknown.*

431. *Encouragements to pray.* **7.**

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

Oliver Holden, alt.

432. *"Hearer of Prayer."* 7, 6 l.

O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need:
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Leave me not, my strength, my trust;
O remember I am dust:
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

3 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within:
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled. *J. Conder.*

433. *The Hour of Prayer.* 8, 8, 8, 4.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee. *Charlotte Elliott.*

434. *The Saviour invited.* H. M.

COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.
Andrew Reed.

435. *Everlasting Praises.* L. M. 61.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I. Watts.

436. *Exceeding great Joy.* C. P. M.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all, perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace. *S. Medley.*

437. *More Love to Thee.* 6, 4.

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee! *Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss.*

438. *The Fairest of the Fair.* L. M.

THOUGH all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is he.

2 Sweet is the vision of thy face,
And kindness o'er thy lips is shed;
Lovely art thou and full of grace,
And glory beams around thy head.

3 Thy sufferings I embrace with thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

Gerhard Tersteegen.

439. *Vows remembered and renewed.* L. M.

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.

5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

P. Doddridge.

440. *Not ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon!
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me. *J. Grigg.*

441. *Jesus the Way to Heaven.* L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

J. Cennick.

442. *The Joy of loving Hearts.* L. M.

JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou fount of life! thou light of men!
From highest bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou living bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the fountain head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. R. Palmer.

443. *Consistency.* **L. M.**

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God:
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

I. Watts.

444. *My All in All.* **L. M.**

BEFORE thy face, my God, I fall,
And claim thee now, my all in all;
My soul with expectation sweet,
Lies faint and trembling at thy feet.

2 My warrant in thy word I seek—
I seek—I find—I hear thee speak;
Thy voice my bounding spirit thrills,
And all my heart with rapture fills.

3 The blood of Jesus speaks my peace;
I know such love can never cease;
I rest on him, and need no more
Than Christ, my Lord, for evermore!

H. B. Hartzler.

445. *God the Fount of all Good.* **C. M.**

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

I. Watts.

446. *Rejoicing in the Lord.* **C. M.**

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill. *P. Doddridge.*

447. *The Conqueror renowned.* C. M.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

4 Jesus, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. E. Caswall.

448. *The Love of Christ constraineth us.* C. M.

O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string,
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

5 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,'
And death must yield to love. *I. Watts.*

449. *"Jesus only."* C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. E. Caswall.

450. *Christ above all.* C. M.

LET worldly minds the world pursue—
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart. *J. Newton.*

451. *Not ashamed of Christ.* C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. *I. Watts.*

452. *The Voice of Jesus.* C. M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done. *H. Bonar.*

453. *The charming Name.* C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish;
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death. *P. Doddridge.*

454. *Precious Faith.* C. M.

SWEET to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid.

2 Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his convenant to grace
For all things to depend.

4 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decree;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home. *A. M. Toplady.*

455. *The loving Lamb.* C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair:
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helpt to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid:
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too. *John Newton.*

456. *Amazing Grace.* C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'T was grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace. *John Newton.*

457. *Delight in God.* **C. M.**

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with thee be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the vail,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

4 He, who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.

John Ryland.

458. *Love passing Knowledge.* **C. M.**

O LIGHT in darkness, joy in grief;
O heaven begun on earth;
Jesus, my Lord, my Treasure, who
Can tell what thou art worth?

2 O Jesus, Jesus, blessed Lord,
What art thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.

3 For thou to us art all in all,
Our honor, and our wealth,
Our heart's desire, our body's strength,
Our soul's eternal health.

4 Burn, burn, O love, within our hearts,
  Burn fiercly night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
  Is burned, and burned away.

5 O love of Jesus, blessed love,
  So will it ever be;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
  No, nor eternity! "*Hymnary.*"

459. *The Pearl of greatest Price.* C. M.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price!
  My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
  Christ shall my song employ.

Cho.—I've found the pearl of greatest price!
  My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
  Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
  My Prophet full of light,
My great High-priest before the throne,
  My King of heavenly might.

3 For he indeed is Lord of lords,
  And he the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
  With healing in his wings.

4 Christ is my peace; he died for me,
  For me he shed his blood;
And as my wond'rous sacrifice,
  Offered himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my all in all,
  My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
  My joy and crown above. *J. Mason.*

460. *God, my Father.* S. M.

HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

3 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

4 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. Miss C. Winkworth.

461. *Rejoicing in Hope.* 7.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blessed!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There, your seat is now prepared,—
There's your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

462. *Chief of Sinners.* 7, 6 l.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life. *McComb.*

463. *A Miracle of Grace.* 8, 7. D.

HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious;
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King,
O what mercy flows from heaven!
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much, I 've much forgiven—
I 'm a miracle of grace!

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

Witness, all ye host of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness,
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blessed moment I received him
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace. *John Wingrove.*

464. *The gracious Substitute.* 7, 6.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

465. *Rejoice in the Lord.* H. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given. Lift up, &c.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy. Lift up, &c.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

C. Wesley.

466. *Jesus the Refuge of Believers.* L. M. 6 l.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty,
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all. *C. Wesley.*

467. *The Foretaste of endless Bliss.* 11, 12.

MY God, I am thine; what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath Paradise found:
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—'t is heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.
C. Wesley.

468. *Christ is mine.* 7, 6 l.

HALLELUJAH, Christ is mine!
Knocking at my door he stood,
Pleading all his love divine,
Pleading his atoning blood:
"I have power to pardon sin:
Dying soul shall I come in?"

2 As those gracious words he spoke,
Lo! I felt a power divine,
Mightier than the lightning's stroke,
Breaking this hard heart of mine:
Straight the door I opened wide:
"Jesus, Lord, come in," I cried.

3 Then my soul, long tempest-tossed,
Entered into glorious rest:
All my powers in joy were lost;
Holy gladness filled my breast;
'T was a trance of heavenly love,
Like the bliss of those above.

4 Sinful pleasures in that day
Vanished like a dream from view:
Earthly things I cast away
My Redeemer to pursue.
'T is enough—his love divine!
Hallelujah, Christ is mine. *E. P. Barrows.*

469. *The Ground of Hope and Joy.* 7.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground—
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die." *R. Wardlaw.*

470. *My Beloved.* 11, 8.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pasture of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.

5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice. *Joseph Swain.*

471. *Joys of first Love.* 11, 9.

O HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!

Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet;
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God. *C. Wesley.*

472. *Longing for Christ.* 8, 8 l.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The Midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My Summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my Winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where Winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton.

473. *Bound for Glory.* 10, 11.

O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;

A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe,
In Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay—
He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless that glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move
To a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

J. Gambold.

474. *Jesus is mine.* 6, 4, 6.

FADE, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2 O bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.

3 O bliss of the purified! bliss of the puré!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."

F. Bottome.

478. *I love to tell the Story.* 7, 6.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Chorus.—I love to tell the story!
'T will be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies,
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'T will be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Catharine Hankey.

479. *"How can I keep from singing?"* 8, 7, D.

MY life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation;
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth;
Nor storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth—
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing? *R. Lowry.*

480. *"Closer than a Brother."* 8, 7, D.

I'VE found a friend; O such a friend!
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

2 I've found a friend; O such a friend!
He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his forever.

3 I've found a friend; O such a friend!
All power to him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever! *Unknown.*

481. *The bright Morning-Star.* P. M.

O MORNING-STAR! how fair and bright
Thou beamest forth in trust and light!
O Sov'reign meek and lowly,
Thou Root of Jesse, David's Son,
My Lord, and Bridegroom, thou hast won
My heart, to serve thee solely!

Holy art thou, fair and glorious,
All victorious, rich in blessing,
Rule and might o'er all possessing.

2 Thou heav'nly Brightness! Light divine!
O deep within my heart now shine,
And make thee there an altar!
Fill me with joy and strength, to be
Thy member, ever joined to thee
In love that cannot falter;
Tow'rd thee longing doth possess me;
Turn and bless me; for thy gladness
Eye and heart here pine in sadness.

3 Here will I rest, and hold it fast,
The Lord I love is first and last,
The end as the beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for thou
Wilt raise me where thou dwellest now,
Above all tears, all sinning:
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
Soon release us; with deep yearning,
Lord, we look for thy returning!

P. Nicolai. Tr. Cath. Winkworth.

TRIAL, SUFFERING AND DISCIPLINE.

---

482. *Faith a Substitute for Vision.* L. M.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And cheered him on his toilsome road.

I. Watts.

483. *Blessing for Mourners.* L. M.

DEEM not that they are blessed alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The Son of God alone makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny.
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay,
For all his children suffer here.

William C. Bryant.

484. *Come to Me.* L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me!"

4 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

5 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me."

6 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

Charlotte Elliott.

485. *Temptation.* L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

William Cowper.

486. *I, even I, will comfort you.* L. M.

IN God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart and cheerful voice;
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

2 Sweet words! O let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

3 Are you in darkness and distress?
Does Satan roar and break your peace?
Fear not, but still the truth review,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

4 Do sore afflictions on you prey,
And pungent sorrow day by day?
Look to this word, t' will bear you through,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

5 If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm your souls with fear;
Let this sweet word your faith renew,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

6 And when each happy soul attains,
That blissful state where glory reigns,
This song shall all his powers employ,
"God is my comfort and my joy." *Unknown.*

487. *Thou art our God.* L. M.

O GOD, thou art my God alone,
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace!

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thy hand, unseen, upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all besides to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
Will I for all thy mercies give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

James Montgomery.

488. *The Lord's Help.* L. M. 6 l.

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word;
Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?

2 He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through;
Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

John Newton.

489. *Title to Heaven.* C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What, if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint. *I. Watts.*

494. *For victorious Faith.* C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. *W. H. Bathurst.*

495. *Strength, Fortress, Refuge.* C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

496. *"Not my Will, but Thine."* C. M.

HOW sweet, to be allowed to pray
To God, the holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O teach my heart the blessed way,
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

Unknown.

497. *Submissive Resignation.* **C. M.**

O LORD! my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What else I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny. *W. Cowper.*

498. *Trust.* **C. M.**

CONTENT, O Lord, and free from fear,
I calmly trust in thee;
I murmur not within the sphere
Thy love assigns to me.

2 I leave to thy disposing hand,
Events I cannot mold;
With steadfast faith serene I stand,
And see thy plan unfold.

3 The service which the Master finds,
It is my joy to share;
The burden which thy wisdom binds,
With patient hope I bear.

4 To duty's call, the voice of God,
My heart responsive cries;
Beneath affliction's chastening rod,
My soul submissive lies. *Samuel Wolcott.*

499. *Unfaltering Trust.* C. M.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father, and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, his followers here,
Must do thy will and praise thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise. *William J. Irons.*

500. *Prayer for Submission.* C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

501. *To live is Christ, and to die is gain.* C. M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough, that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him. *Richard Baxter.*

502. *God's Peace.* C. M.

WE bless thee for thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;—

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

4 That peace which flows serene and deep—
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep:
God's sunshine o'er the whole!

5 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee. *Unknown.*

503. *Light at Evening.* C. M.

WE journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last! thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
"Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light!"

3 Though earthborn shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,
"At eve it shall be light." *Bernard Barton.*

504. *He ruleth all Things well.* S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway,
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsels shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. J. Wesley.

505. *Safety in trusting the Lord.* **S. M.**

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,—
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands,

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wandering feet,—
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him command thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceasless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want thou giv'st;
And who shall stay thy hand?

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. J. Wesley.

506. *The Lord a Shelter.* **S. M.**

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade!

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide. *I. Watts.*

507. *"Thy Will be done."* S. M.

IT is thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from thee:
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord;
Before thee I am dumb:
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To thee for help I come.

3 My God, thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

4 I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.

5 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son thou didst not spare:
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God it cleaves to thee:
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me. *James G. Deck.*

508. *Afflictions blessed.* S. M.

HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions came at thy command,
And left us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew:
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

4 Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings.

509. *Thy Gentleness hath made me great.* S.M.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

510. *"Blessed be my Rock."* S. M.

I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown:
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But, firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands. • *Jos. Swain.*

511. *Lead, kindly Light.* 10, 4, 10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

4 Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

J. H. Newman.

512. *"Looking unto Jesus."* 11.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

Unknown.

513. *The firm Foundation.* 11.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word;
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 Even down to old age all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for re-
pose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

G. Keith.

514. *Encouraging.* C. P. M.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode,
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown. *C. Wesley.*

515. *Peace and Joy.* 7, 6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;

For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. *William Cowper.*

516. *No Cause for Fear.* 7, 6.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.
James Montgomery.

517. *He can all our Sorrows heal.* 11, 10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your *wounded* hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.
I. Moore.

518. *Look to Jesus.* 8, 7, 4.

O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What, though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word. *J. Fawcett.*

519. *Lead us gently.* 8, 7. D.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest. *T. Hastings.*

520. *Lo, I am with you alway.* 8, D.

ALWAYS with us, always with us;—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much, and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

2 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin.

521. *He is Faithful.* 8, 7.

NEVER can the word be broken,
Long ago Jehovah vowed,
When he set his friendly token
On the dark and murky cloud.

2 In the stormy gloom of sorrows,
In the darkest days of woe,
In the fear of sad to-morrows,
We shall see his shining bow.

3 After grief shall come the gladness;
Joy and pleasure after pain;
Tearless rapture after sadness;
Blessed sunshine after rain.

4 Still his rainbow is the token
Of a grace that must prevail;
Of a promise never broken,
And a love that cannot fail. *H. B. Hartzler.*

522. *Blessings of Afflictions.* 8, 7.

WHY should I, in vain repining,
Mourn the clouds that cross my way;
Since my Saviour's presence shining
Turns my darkness into day?

2 Earthly honor, earthly treasure,
All the warmest passions win,
And the silken wings of pleasure
Only waft us on to sin.

3 But, within the vale of sorrow,
All with tempests overblown,
Purer light and joy we borrow
From the face of God alone.

4 Welcome, then, each darker token!
Mercy sent it from above!
So the heart, subdued, not broken,
Bends in fear, and melts with love.

James Edmeston.

523. *God's Way not mine.* 6, D.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all. *H. Bonar.*

524. *Thy Will be done.* 6, D.

MY Jesus! as thou wilt!
O may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow or through joy
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.

2 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee;
Then to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.
Benj. Schmolke.

525. *Hiding in Thee.* 11.

O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;

So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee,

REF.—Hiding in thee, hiding in thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages,"
I'm hiding in thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe,
I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe;
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in thee, O thou Rock of my soul.

W. O. Cushing.

526. *Windows open.* P. M.

DO you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,
At morning, noon and night to pray?
In his chamber he remembers Zion,
Though in exile far away.

CHO.—Are yours windows open toward Jerusalem?
Tho' as captives here a "little while" we stay,
For the coming of the King in his glory,
Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lion's den to share:
For the God of Daniel will deliver,
He will send his angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage;
Your great deliverance sweetly sing:
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King.

P. P. Bliss.

527. *It is well with my Soul.* P. M.

WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHO.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—O the bliss of this glorious thought
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

H. G. Spafford.

528. *He leadeth me.* L. M.

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

CHO.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me. *Gilmore.*

529. *The precious Name.* 8, 7.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in pray'r.

3 O the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy;
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete. *Mrs. Baxter.*

530. *Bury thy Sorrow.* 6, 5, D.

GO bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share:
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtained by night,
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief,
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go,
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine—
Tell Jesus the rest. *Unknown.*

BENEVOLENCE AND CHARITY.

531. *Blessings of the Charitable.* L. M.

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 His soul, well-fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amid the darkness, light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

I. Watts.

532. *Looking on Jesus.* L. M.

AND is the Gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rule by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
If then we love our Saviour's name,
By his example let us move. *Anne Steele.*

533. *More blessed to give than to receive.* **L. M.**

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.
Thomas Cotterill.

534. *Remember Christ's Brethren.* C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in the poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread
Than hold it back from thee.

P. Doddridge.

535. *Sympathy with the Afflicted.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To bless a ruin'd race;
We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue,
Thy bright example trace.

Philip Doddridge.

536. *Ye have the Poor always with you.* C.M.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crosswell.

537. *Thy Neighbor.* C. M.

WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'T is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

William B. O. Peabody.

538. *Think gently.* C. M.

THINK gently of the erring one;
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones!
Thou yet mayest lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

539. *Charity.* S. M.

HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill,
Each myst'ry to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,—
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide. *S. Stennett.*

540. *Ye have done it unto Me.* **S. M.**

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee. *William W. How.*

541. *Christian Sympathy.* S. M.

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arms the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear,
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

542. *My Brother's Keeper.* 6, 8.

MUST I my brother keep
And share his pains and toil,
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile;
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

2 Then, Jesus, at thy feet
A student let me be,
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of thee;
For thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man.

3 O make me as thou art,
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow—
The kind and gentle heart,
That feels another's woe;
That thus I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

B. MacAndrew.

543. *Zeal implored.* L. M.

O THOU, who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwav'ring, undismayed,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretched hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

J. Wesley.

544. *Zeal in Labor.* L. M.

GO, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar.

ZEAL AND ACTIVITY.

545. *Christ our Pattern.* L. M.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too!

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy gracious image here,
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. *I. Watts.*

546. *Take up thy Cross.* L. M.

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'T will guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles W. Everest.

547. *The Race for Glory.* C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down. *P. Doddridge.*

548. *Bearing the Cross.* C. M.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life;
And follow thee to heaven!

John H. Gurney.

549. *Feeble Efforts.* C. M.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free. *Unknown.*

550. *Sow beside all Waters.* **S. M.**

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend
And shout the "Harvest-home!"
James Montgomery.

551. *Make haste to live.* **S. M.**

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door. *Horatius Bonar.*

552. *The Master calling.* 8, 7.

HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

2 Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, glady saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

3 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying;
And the Master calls for you:

4 Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."
Daniel March.

553. *Bearing precious Seed.* 8, 7.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thos. Hastings.

554. *"Leaving us an Example."* 8, 7.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

4 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

S. M. Johnson.

555. *Your Mission.* 8, 7, D.

IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet;
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;

And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

Anna B. Warner.

558. *Rescue the Perishing.* P. M.

RESCUE the perishing;
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Fanny J. Crosby.

559. *Work, while it is Day.* 7, 6, 5.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er. *Sidney Dyer.*

WATCHFULNESS AND WARFARE.

---

560. *"The good Fight."* L. M.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon the Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell.

561. *The Christian Warrior.* L. M.

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod;—

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread;

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

James Montgomery.

562. *The Gospel Armor.* L. M.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
I. Watts.

563. *The Soldier of the Cross.* C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine. *I. Watts.*

564. *For a tender Conscience.* C. M.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,—
A pain to feel it near:

2 I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve;
The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove:
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.

6 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

C. Wesley.

565. *For Watchfulness.* S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley.

566. *Be on thy Guard.* S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode. *G. Heath.*

567. *Victory on the Lord's Side.* S. M.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day,
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 Then, of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

5 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light:
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight. *T. Kelly.*

568. *Weigh not thy Life.* S. M.

MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God. *Unknown.*

569. *The Watchman's Cry.* S. M.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;
The powers of hell surround.

2 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stained with hallowed blood.

3 His standard-bearers, now
To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
He bore the cross for all.

4 Go up with Christ, your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory. *C. Wesley.*

570. *Zeal with Knowledge.* **S. M.**

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My simple upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove!
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love. *C. Wesley.*

571. *The well-fought Day.* **S. M. D.**

PRAY, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:

To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray.

2 In fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come!"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

C. Wesley.

572. *Stand up for Jesus.* S. M. D.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last. *C. Wesley.*

573. *Forward! Courage!* S. M. D.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'T is seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear:
"Courage," your Captain cries
(Who all your toil foreknew),
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror:
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me
Believe, and conquer all! *C. Wesley.*

574. *Stand up for Jesus.* 7, 6.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally. *G. Duffield, Jr.*

575. *Longing to see Jesus.* 7, 6.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's voice I hear;
He gives me all my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on your heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love.
And when the war is ended,
You 'll reign with him above. *J. Leland.*

576. *Enduring Hardness as good Soldiers.* 7,6.

GO forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true:
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory,
The crown of victory. *Laurence Tuttiett.*

577. *Onward, Christian Soldiers.* 6, 5.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See his banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

578. *Forward into Light.* 6, 5.

FORWARD! be our watchword.
Steps and voices joined,
Seek the things before us;
Not a look behind;

Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward! flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight! *Henry Alford.*

579. *Encouraging.* 7, D.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we 've a friend
One that loves us to the end.

Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

J. Swain.

580. *Battle-Hymn of the Reformation.* C. P. M.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow:
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints?
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Fear not, be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on his sword!

3 As true as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell with all their bands
Against us shall prevail;

The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Thy Church with strength defend;
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end.

Gustavus Adolphus, in prose. Jacob Fabricius. Tr. Miss C. Winkworth.

581. *The Bridegroom cometh.* 14.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night
And blessed is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant, whom the master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

2 Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eye, and thus
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us."

3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes. Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride."

4 Beware, my soul, take thou good heed, lest
thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock,
and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and
Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light, the
glory of the Son. *Gerard Moultrie.*

UNFAITHFULNESS AND BACKSLIDING.

---

582. *Drawing nearer to God.* C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. *Wm. Cowper.*

583. *Returning to God.* C. M.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou,—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more! *Anne Steele.*

584. *Mourning departed Joys.* C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share. *John Newton.*

585. *Longing for God.* C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour and thy King. *H. F. Lyte.*

586. *Striving against sensusal Influences.* C. M.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chielf delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee—no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensusal bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight:
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

6 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear center of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast. *I. Watts.*

587. *No Peace but in the Favor of God.* L. M.

O WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile. *T. Kelly.*

588. *Restore my Peace.* **S. M.**

O JESUS, full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
"Forgive," my stricken spirit cries,
"Abundantly forgive."

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,
"In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

C. Wesley.

REVIVAL.

589. *For a Revival.* **S. M.**

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near:
Our souls on thee rely. *Phœbe H. Brown.*

590. *A Revival sought.* S. M.

REVIVE thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

Albert Midlane.

591. *Longing for a Revival.* S. M.

O FOR the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain:—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

4 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy Gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

5 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This Church like that above.

G. W. Bethune.

592. *The Spirit of the ancient Worthies.* L. M.

O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old:
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?—

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hollowed lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days:
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour. *W. H. Bathurst.*

593. *Prayer for a Revival.* L. M.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches! hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor, from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love,
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Unite our souls, and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise;
In humble hope, that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

William Kingsbury.

594. *Awake, Jerusalem.* L. M.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

C. Wesley.

595. *A Revival sought.* C. M.

REVIVE, O God! desponding saints,
Who languish, droop and sigh;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints;
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

2 Make known thy power, victorious King!
Subdue each stubborn will;
Then sovereign grace we'll join to sing
On Zion's sacred hill. *Anon.*

596. *Revive us again.* 11.

WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah, amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. *W. P. Mackay.*

597. *Lord, revive us!* 8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again,
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, revive us, &c.

3 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, revive us, &c.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make us bloom again;
O permit us not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!
Lord, revive us, &c.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's alluring snares.
Lord, revive us, &c.

6 Break the tempters' fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us, &c. *John Newton.*

598. *Thanksgiving for a Revival.* 7.

FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! thy church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!

3 God of mercy! to thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone,
Joyous praise to thee we sing.

4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let the Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!

Ray Palmer.

THE LORD'S-DAY.

---

599. *Self-Dedication to the Lord.* **L. M.**

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has blest,
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies:
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet! a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

I. Stennett.

600. *Sabbath Employment.* L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy. *I. Watts.*

601. *Sabbath-Day.* C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise. *I. Watts.*

602. *The Blessing of the Sabbath.* C. M.

BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine,
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. *John Mason.*

603. *Delight in Ordinances.* S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss. *I. Watts.*

604. *Rejoicing on the Lord's-Day.* H. M.

CHILDREN of God, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

Unknown.

605. *Day of Rest.* 7, 6, D.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, holy, holy, holy,
To the great Three in One.

2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,

We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One. *C. Wordsworth.*

606. *Return of the holy Day.* 7, 6, D.

THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath-day;
Each voice in gladness raises,
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above. *Ray Palmer.*

THE CHURCH.

GENERAL HYMNS.

607. *The Church's Safety and Triumph.* L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.
I. Watts.

608. *The Pleasure of public Worship.* L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around the throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length—
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there. *I. Watts.*

609. *The Foundation-Stone.* C. M.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain:
Yet on this rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What, though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes. *I. Watts.*

610. *The Church immovable.* C. M.

O WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

611. *Founded on a Rock.* C. M.

WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivaled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands!

3 The faithful of each clime and age,
This glorious Church compose;
Built on a rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile hands alarm,
For God is her defense;
How weak, how powerless each arm,
Against Omnipotence! *I. Watts.*

612. *Love for Zion.* S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

613. *Her Confidence and Security.* S. M.

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:

2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

3 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.

4 On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears. *C. Wesley.*

614. *Her Enemies confounded.* 8, 7, 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,—
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;

Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light. *Thos. Kelly.*

615. *The Church God's chosen Residence.* 8, 7. D.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose words cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.
J. Newton.

616. "*God's Tabernacle with Men.*" 8, 7, D.

PRAISE the Rock of our salvation
Laud his name from zone to zone;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ himself the corner-stone;
Vain against our rock-built Zion,
Winds and waters, fire and hail,
Christ is in her mid'st; against her
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

2 Framed of living stones, cemented
By the Spirit's unity,
Based on prophets and apostles,
Firm in faith, and stayed on thee,
May thy Church, O Lord incarnate,
Grow in grace, in peace, in love;
Emblem of the heavenly Zion,
The Jerusalem above. *Benj. Webb.*

ADMISSION.

617. *A Welcome to Christian Fellowship.* L. M.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
O come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.
James Montgomery.

618. *Invitation to Church Fellowship.* L. M.

BRETHREN in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give!
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 Jesus, attend; thyself reveal;
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel;
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

4 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

5 Though but in part we know thee here,
We wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And be forever lost in love. *C. Wesley.*

619. *United in Christ.* **L. M.**

KINDRED in Christ! for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 Thus,—as the moments pass away,—
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.
J. Newton.

620. *Joined in one Body.* **C. M.**

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord!

2 Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine! *E. F. Smith.*

UNITY AND FELLOWSHIP.

621. *The sacred Tie.* L. M.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, accordant minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What watchful love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his smiling face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Midst nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy, because of love.

Mrs. M. A. Barbauld.

622. *Glorious and spotless.* L. M.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy Church below,
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses,
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

C. Wesley.

623. *Brotherly Love.* C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow:
And union sweet and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds,
The happy souls above:
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

624. *Love the Test of Discipleship.* C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

T. Cotterill.

625. *Friendly Aid.* C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us, to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us, to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready Bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified. *C. Wesley.*

626. *Fellowship of Love.* C. M.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
O still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessed fellowship of love,
Thy living Church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

5 O glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears! *Ray Palmer.*

627. *The dear uniting Tie.* C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part. *C. Wesley.*

628. *The Bond of Love.* C. M.

THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

3 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

4 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

James Montgomery.

629. *Cordial Agreement.* C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us, by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove:
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

C. Wesley.

630. *Communion with Saints in Heaven.* C.M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

C. Wesley.

631. *Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration.* S. M.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

P. Doddridge.

632. *The blessed Tie.* S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes:
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. *John Fawcett.*

633. *Witnesses for Jesus.* 7, D.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,—
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses. *C. Wesley.*

634. *Meet, ne'er to sever.* 6, 5.

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never,—no, never.

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever,
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;

Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never. *A. A. Watts.*

THE MINISTRY.

---

635. *Heralds of the Cross.* L. M.

GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
Ye are commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

John Logan.

636. *For the Success of Ministers.* L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O clothe their words with power divine,
And let those words be ever thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

Benjamin Beddome.

637. *Christ's constraining Love.* L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power:
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'T is fixed; I can do all through thee.

Johann J. Winkler. Tr. J. Wesley.

638. *For a Meeting of Ministers.* L. M.

POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless:
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

2 Within thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love.

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.

James Montgomery.

639. *The great Commission.* L. M.

'TWAS Jesus' last and great command,
"Go, preach my word in every land,
To all be my salvation shown;
To every creature make it known.

2 "While thus employed, expect my grace,
Attending you from place to place;
Where'er you meet expect me there,
In church, or house, or open air."

3 Commissioned thus, we come abroad,
To preach the Gospel of our God;
The love of God in Christ to tell,
The love that saves from sin and hell.

4 Jesus, our Lord, thy word fulfill,
Thy Spirit's power be with us still;
May all our souls thy blessings share,
Accept our praise and hear our prayer.

Unknown.

640. *The Pastoral Office.* C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake
And take th' alarm they give,
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands:
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego!
For souls, which must forever live,
In raptures, or in woe.

4 Lord, let thy servants, as they preach,
Thy great salvation see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

P. Doddridge.

641. *Encouraging the Gospel Messenger.* C. M.

GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path?

3 Yet with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car,
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes,
Shall bow before his cross. *Thomas Morell.*

642. *Let thy Priests be clothed with Salvation.* C. M.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Let all thy chosen servants shine,
Illustrious as the sun,
And bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

3 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

4 As the bright sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day. *C. Wesley, alt.*

643. "*How beautiful upon the Mountain.*" S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill:
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are;
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. *I. Watts.*

644. *The watchful Servant.* S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait:
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found:
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned. *P. Doddridge.*

645. *Ministers' Prayer.* 7, 6.

LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;

Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in thy vineyard,
Send us, O Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee;
We ask no other wages,
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, thou Holy Spirit!
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Beside thy sacred altar
Be with us, where we stand,
To sanctify thy people
Through all this happy land.

John S. B. Monsell.

646. *Ordination Hymn.* S. M.

YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose:
The cause is God's and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread the Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you in his name,
Great courage and success;
Assured that he who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless. *Mrs Voke.*

647. *"Shall reap in Joy."* S. M.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.
George Burgess.

BAPTISM.

648. *This Child we dedicate.* L. M.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Help that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.
S. Gilman.

649. *Prayer for the Children of the Church.* L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

Mrs. Ann Beadley Hyde.

650. *Buried in Baptism.* L. M.

HOW blest the hour when first we gave
Our guilty souls to thee, O God;
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Saviour's precious blood.

2 How blest the solemn rite that seals
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven;—
How blest the emblem that reveals
God reconciled, and peace with heaven.

S. F. Smith.

651. *The Shepherd of the Lambs.* C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of glory came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust. *P. Doddridge.*

652. *Baptism of Children.* C. M.

OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Help us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls receive,
And bring our children there.
E. H. Bickersteth.

653. *Significance of Baptism.* C. M.

O LORD, while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Do thou the truths herein set forth
To every heart reveal.

2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.

3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of resurrection life,
With every sin, for thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.

4 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God;
Baptized in thine, we own thy claim
As ransomed by thy blood.

5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd keep his temple pure,
And make thy grace our only boast,
And by thy strength endure.

Mary P. Bowly.

654. *Faith and Baptism.* C. M.

PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And, in the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes,
To call their souls away,
May they be found prepared to live
In realms of endless day. *John Newton.*

655. *Suffer them to come to me.* S. M.

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast:
He holds them in his gracious arms;—
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,—
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord!
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

Bish. Onderdook.

656. *God's gracious Promises.* S. M.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy blessings, share,
And sound thy praise abroad. *Cong. H. B.*

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

657. *Rejoicing at the table, with godly sorrow.* L. M.

O JESUS, our exalted Lord,
Dear name by heaven and earth adored,
To thee with heart and voice we raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 And while around this board we meet,
And humbly worship at thy feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

3 Let humble, penitential woe,
In tears of godly sorrow flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

Anne Steele.

658. *The Emblems.* L. M.

THE broken bread, the blessed cup,
On which we now are called to sup,
Without thy help and grace divine,
Will prove no more than bread and wine.

2 But come, great Master of the feast,
Impart thy grace to every guest;
Direct our views to Calvary,
And help us to remember thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be blest,
Upon thy bosom let us rest;
And at thy supper may we learn,
Thy broken body to discern.

4 O that our souls may now be fed
With Christ himself, the living bread;
That we the covenant may renew
And to our vows be rendered true! *Anon.*

659. *"He sat down with the Twelve."* C. M.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place—

2 I, who am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God!
I, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven!
In praise join all your powers:
No theme is like redeeming love!
No Saviour is like ours! *S. Stennett.*

660. *Christ present.* C. M.

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near!
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, his precious blood.
Edward Osler.

661. *Rich Gifts of Gospel Grace.* C. M.

O LOVE divine! O matchless grace!
Which in this sacred rite
Shines forth so full, so free, in rays
Of purest living light.

2 O wondrous death! O precious blood!
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.

3 O covenant of life and peace,
By blood and suffering sealed!
All the rich gifts of Gospel grace
Are here to faith revealed.

4 Jesus, we bow our souls to thee,
Our life, our hope, our all,
While we, with thankful, contrite hearts,
Thy dying love recall.

5 O may thy pure and perfect love
Be written on our minds;
Nor earth, nor self, nor sin obscure
The ever-radiant lines. *Edward Turney.*

662. *Its Design.* C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did almost with his dying breath
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,—
For me he died, for me!

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing,—Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me. *Thomas Hart.*

663. *The Invitation.* C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.
P. Doddridge.

664. *Grateful Remembrance.* C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me. *James Montgomery.*

665. *Universal Gladness and Joy.* S. M.

GLORY to God on high
Our peace is made with heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin;
Remember this in eating bread,
And that in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood:
The Spirit seals, and faith puts on
The righteousness of God. *C. Wesley.*

666. *"Till He come."* 7, 6 l.

"TILL he come:" O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have no sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Pain us only—"Till he come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

Edward H. Bickersteth.

667. *The memorial Feast maintained.* 7, 6 l.

MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his Church retained:
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.

2 Through the Church's long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body, we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.

4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed:
Saviour, witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

Josiah Conder.

668. *In Remembrance.* 7, 6 l.

SAVIOUR of our ruined race,
Fountain of redeeming grace,
Let us now thy fullness see,
While we here converse with thee;
Hearken to our ardent prayer,—
Let us all thy blessing share.

2 While we thus, with glad accord
Meet around thy table, Lord,
Bid us feast with joy divine,

On the appointed bread and wine:
Emblems may they truly prove,
Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
Yet we seek thy heavenly smile:
Canst thou all our sins forgive?
Dost thou bid us look and live?
Lord, we wonder and adore!
O for grace to love thee more! *T. Hastings.*

669. *Bless us in parting.* 8, 7, 4.

NOW in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour, still thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from thy table go.
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit, now.

2 Bless us here, while still as strangers
Onward to our home we move;
Bless us with eternal blessings,
In our Father's house above,
Ever, ever
Dwelling in the light of love. *H. Bonar.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

670. *Blessedness of instructing the Young.* C. M.

DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The way, the life, the truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine. *Joseph Straphan.*

671. *The Children's Jubilee.* C.M.

HOSANNA! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong
Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.
James Montgomery.

672. *Seek the Saviour early.* C. M.

YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.

3 "The soul who longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those who early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

P. Doddridge.

673. *Do what you can.* 8, 7. D.

IF you cannot be a watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;—
With your prayers and with your bounties,
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

2 If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

3 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

D. Marchall.

674. *Children's Hymn.* 8, 7, 4.

CHILDREN, loud hosanna singing,
Hymned thy praise in olden time,
Judah's ancient temple filling
With the melody sublime;
Infant voices
Joined to swell the holy chime.

2 Though no more the incarnate Saviour
We behold in latter days;
Though a temple far less glorious
Echoes now the songs we raise;
Still in glory
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.

3 Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem,
All thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Till all heaven and earth resounding,
Echo with thy glorious name;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Mrs. H. B. Steele.

675. *Saviour, at thy Footstool bending.* 8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, at thy footstool bending,
We, a youthful band, appear;
May our grateful songs ascending,
Reach and please thy gracious ear;
Thus to praise thee,
Make and keep our hearts sincere;

2 No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thy invitation:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Saviour,
Let us each thy kingdom see.

3 Take us, then, thou kind Protector,
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In thy arms of mercy bear;
Guide to glory,
We shall dwell in safety there. *Unknown.*

676. *The Lambs enfolded.* 8, 7.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

677. *In Sunday-School.* **S. M.**

WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown. *J. Montgomery.*

678. *Shepherd of tender Youth.* **6, 4.**

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:

Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High-priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy enduring word
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria. Tr. H. M. Dexter.

679. *The Lord's Love to Children.* 7, 6.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,

Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

John King.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

MISSIONS.

680. *Christ shall reign universally.* L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name. *I. Watts.*

681. *Awake, awake!* L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

Wm. Shrubsole, Jr.

682. *The Time to favor Zion.* L. M.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
O bid the morning-star arise;
O point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the Gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light. *Mrs. Voke.*

683. *Heathen waiting.* L. M.

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow,
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

Mrs. Voke.

684. *Send forth Laborers.* L. M.

LORD of the harvest! bend thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
O send forth laborers filled with zeal
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord! behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the laborers few.

3 Under the guidance of thy hand
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the Gospel's joyful sound
Far as the race of man is found. *T. Hastings.*

685. *The approaching Triumph.* L. M.

ETERNAL Father, thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That he who once a sufferer bled
Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Saviour King:
Long ages have prepared thy way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The cross! the cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scatter'd wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power;
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

Ray Palmer.

686. *Prayer for the Reign of Christ.* C. M.

JESUS, immortal King, arise!
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet!

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sky,
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 O may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known!
And heathen gods, forsaken fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored!
And earth with all her millions shout,
Hosanna to the Lord. *A. C. H. Seymour.*

687. *"Let God arise."* S. M.

O LORD our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain:
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease:
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 O all ye nations! rise,—
To God, the Saviour, sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring. *R. Wardlaw.*

688. *The Heathen's Cry for Deliverance.* 7, 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. *R. Heber.*

689. *Departing Missionaries.* 7, 6.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

James Edmeston.

690. *Light breaking.* 7, 6.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way:
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim The Lord is come. *S. F. Smith.*

691. *There shall be one fold and one shepherd.* 7, 6.

AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray:
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation,
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Miss Jane Borthwick.

692. *The Glories of Christ's Kingdom.* 7, 6.

HAIL, to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is love. *James Montgomery.*

693. *The Messenger of glad Tidings.* 8, 7, 4.

ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here there boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. *T. Kelly.*

694. *Hoping for the Gospel-Day.* 8, 7, 4.

YES! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God—is speaking
By his word, in every land;
Mark his progress,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 O 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the Gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in depth and darkness lay.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the Gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Thomas Kelly.

695. *"Bring ye all the Tithes."* 8, 7.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His unbounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends in every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations!
Praise him, all ye hosts above!
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love! *B. Francis.*

696. *Missionary's Departure.* 8, 7, 4.

YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountain let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I leave thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

Samuel F. Smith.

697. *"Cast thy Bread upon the Waters."* 8, 7.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. J. H. Hanaford.

698. *Christ's universal Reign.* 7.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

699. *For the Extension of the Church.* 7, 61.

ON thy Church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations, from afar,

Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Harriet Auber.

700. *Watchman! what of the Night?* 7, D.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn:
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

John Bowring.

701. *Parting Words for Preachers.* 8, 7, 4.

GO and seek the lost and dying;
Preach the world's glad jubilee;
Like the herald angels, flying,
Bear God's message o'er the sea;
Toil for Jesus,
Till the blind his glory see.

2 Go and tell the blessed story
Of the holy Lamb of God;
Show the poor his grace and glory;
Lead the dying to his blood,
Ever crying,
O behold the Lamb of God!

3 May the peace of God attend you,
As you gather precious spoil;
May his arms of love defend you,
In the conflict and turmoil;
May his presence
Cheer you on the field of toil.

4 Fare you well! whate'er betide you,
Look to Jesus for his grace;
He will comfort, cheer, and guide you,
Till at last, in his embrace,
Safe forever,
You shall see him face to face.

H. B. Hartzler.

702. "*The uttermost Parts of the Earth.*" 6, 4.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal:—
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:—

The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord:—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord. *S. Wolcott.*

703. *The Heathen waiting for Day.* 10.

OVER the ocean wave, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day:
Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,
No blessed Bible to give them the light,

Cho.: Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,
Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

2 Here, in this happy land, we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;
Shall we not send them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?

3 Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, O see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

CHURCH BUILDING.

704. *A humble Offering to Jehovah.* L. M.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone;
He spake, and, lo! the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning-stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humble temple, built with hands.

N. P. Willis.

705. *House built for God.* L. M.

HERE in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
O choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Thy glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone!
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

J. Montgomery.

706. *The Presence of God supplicated.* L. M.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temple for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train:
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

P. Doddridge.

707. *Dedication of a School.* L. M.

THE Lord, our God, alone is strong;
His hands build not for one brief day;
His wondrous works, through ages long,
His wisdom and his power display.

2 His mountains lift their solemn forms,
To watch in silence o'er the land;
The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,
Sleeps in the hollow of his hand.

3 Beyond the heavens he sits alone,
The universe obeys his nod;
The lightning-rifts disclose his throne,
And thunders voice the name of God.

4 Thou sovereign God, receive this gift
Thy willing servants offer thee;
Accept the prayers that thousands lift,
And let these halls thy temple be.

5 And let those learn, who here shall meet,
True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
And science walks with humble feet
To seek the God that faith hath found.
Caleb T. Winchester.

708. *God's guardian Presence.* L. M.

THIS stone to thee in faith, we lay;
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house of prayer and praise.

2 Within these walls let heavenly peace
And holy love and concord dwell;
Here give the burdened conscience ease,
And here the wounded spirit heal.
James Montgomery.

709. *A Blessing supplicated.* C. M.

O GOD, though countless worlds of light
Thy power and glory show,—
Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow,—

2 Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,—
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

3 With grateful joy the children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

4 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.

5 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart, now dead in sin,
A living temple rear. *J. D. Knowles.*

710. *The House of God.* C. M.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies. *W. C. Bryant.*

711. *Where is the House that ye build unto me?* 11.

WE rear not a temple, like Judah's of old,
Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold;
No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane.

2 More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul.

3 O Father, come in! but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed;
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace,
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

4 O come in the power of thy life-giving word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord;
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given,
And love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

5 The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,
And soon shall our frailer erection decay;
But the souls that are builded in worship and love
Shall be temples to God, everlasting above.

Henry Ware, Jr.

712. *Invoking God's Presence and Blessing.* H. M.

GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,—
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy soul-converting word
With faith be preached, in faith be heard.

3 Here may the listening throng
Receive thy truth in love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

B. Francis.

713. *Love to the House of God.* S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his Churches his abode;
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In ever new distress
We 'll to his house repair;
We 'll think upon this wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there. *I. Watts.*

CONFERENCE.

714. *Assembling in Conference.* 7, 6.

ONCE more, O Lord, assembling,
In thy dear name, we meet,
As toilers in thy vineyard,
To worship at thy feet.

2 We come with joy and gladness,
With gratitude and praise,
Rejoicing in thy goodness,
That crowns our fleeting days.

3 Thy mighty hand has brought us
In safety through the year,
Preserved our "feet from falling,"
And kept us in thy fear.

4 Thy grace has been sufficient,
Thy promise never failed;
And in the days of conflict
Through thee we have prevailed!

5 Now, gracious Father, meet us,
And in our midst abide;
In word and work direct us,
And over all preside.

6 Baptize us with thy Spirit;
Our hearts with love inflame;
And all that is within us
Shall bless thy holy name.

H. B. Hartzler.

715. *Opening of Conference.* L. M.

ALMIGHTY God, do thou behold
Thy servants gathered in this place,
And unto each do thou reveal
The brightness of thy glorious face.

2 Fresh from the fields of holy strife,
We cease the conflict for a day,
And counsel from our Captain seek,
And then go forward on our way.

3 O now anoint us from on high,
Fresh zeal and pow'r to all impart;
And may an ardent love for souls
Burn deeply, Lord, in ev'ry heart.

4 Whate'er we do, O gracious God,
Let all be done in thy great name;
Both here and on the battle-field
Thy glory be our only aim! *A. W. Orwig.*

716. *Meeting at Conference.* L. M.

LORD of the harvest, meet this hour,
The servants of thy holy word:
Baptize us with thy Spirit's power,
While here we wait with one accord.

2 Through all the conflicts of the year,
'Mid all the storms and ills we bore,
Thy gracious help was ever near,
But still we need thee more and more.

3 Preside thou o'er our business here;
Give light and wisdom from above;
Direct us, keep us, in thy fear,
And bind us close with cords of love.

4 O make us holy men of God,
And faithful messengers of grace,
That we may lead to Jesus' blood
The lost and ruined of our race.
H. J. Bowman.

717. *At the Opening of Conference.* C. M.

ANOTHER year of toil is spent,
A year of joy and pain,
And we whom Christ the Lord hath sent,
Are gathered once again.

2 With joy we hail each other here,
As servants of the Lord,
With joy recount the Master's care,—
The triumphs of his word.

3 And now we join with heart and voice
To sing the lofty praise,
Of him who bids us all rejoice,
And triumph in his grace. *H. J. Bowman.*

718. *Meeting, after Absence.* S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain. *C. Wesley.*

719. *Recompense of Toil.* S. M.

LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest Gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

720. *After receiving Appointments.* 8, 7, 4.

MEN of God, go, take your stations:
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 What, though earth and hell united,
Should oppose our Saviour's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:

Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult;
Hurt his work they never can.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end. *Thos. Kelly.*

721. *Close of Conference.* 7, 6.

WE praise thee, gracious Father,
For all thy mercies here,
Thy presence and thy guidance,
Thy help forever near.

2 Now seal with thine approval
What we have done for thee,
And brighten with thy glory
The ways we could not see.

3 Now send us forth anointed
To testify for thee,
Proclaim thy great salvation,
And set the captive free.

4 We go to toil, and suffer,
And pray, another year,
Content, whate'er befall us,
If only thou art near!

5 Without thy mighty presence
We dare not, cannot go!
O let thy fiery pillar
Before thy servants go! *H. B. Hartzler.*

TEMPERANCE.

722. *For Mercy on the Drunkard.* L. M.

WHEN, doomed to death, the apostle lay
At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
A light shone round him like the day,
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!

5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

William C. Bryant.

723. *Temperance Hymn.* L. M.

BONDAGE and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

Lucius M. Sargent.

724. *God's Help implored.* L. M.

GREAT God, whose hand outpours the rills,
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all thy rain from heaven,

2 Help us to heed thy word divine,
And look not on the crimson wine,
To flee and fear th' accursed thing
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.

3 Stay thou, O Lord, the tide of death!
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath!
And speed, O speed on every shore
The day when strong drink slays no more.

Unknown.

725. *For a Temperance Meeting.* C. M.

'TIS thine alone, almighty Name!
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord! what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage, heart and soul!

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.

5 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord! in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield.

726. *Mourn for the Slain.* S. M.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love. *Unknown.*

727. *How long, O Lord?* S. M.

HOW long, O Lord, our God,
Shall sin and sorrow reign,
And drunkards love to tread the road
That leads to death and pain?

2 With zeal and pity move
All those who fear thy name,
So shall they spread the cause of love,
The drunkard to reclaim.

3 Thy goodness and thy power,
And mercy never cease;
Thou canst the drunkard yet restore
To happiness and peace.

4 Come and the curse remove
And bring the better day,
When all men shall thy precepts love,
And thy commands obey. *Anon.*

728. *God's Blessing implored.* 8, 7. D.

LORD, before thy holy altar,
Now thy blessing we implore,
Grant we may not faint or falter,
Till our glorious work is o'er.
Saviour, help us; we are trying
Souls immortal to reclaim;
Through intemperance they are dying,
Snatch them from its burning flame.

2 Lo, the tempter now assailing
Hoary age and smiling youth;
Shall his cruel arts prevailing,
Stop the springs of hallowed truth?
Lord, forbid it! hear us pleading,—
Jesus thou hast died to save;
Let thy mercy interceding,
Keep them from a drunkard's grave.

3 O'er the hearts that pine with anguish,
Pour thy healing balm divine;
O'er the wasted forms that languish,
Let the beams of comfort shine;
In thy strength, if still united,
We the erring may restore,
Then intemp'rance, crushed and blighted,
We will banish from our shore. *Unknown.*

729. ——— *Who hath Sorrows?* 7. D.

WHO hath sorrows? who hath woes?
Who hath babblings? who hath strife?
Causeless wounds and piercing throes?
Reddened eyes—embittered life?
They that tarry at the wine;
They that love the feast and song;
They that various drinks combine—
Early haste and tarry long.

2 Look not on the wine when red
When it foams and sparkles bright;
Lo! it hides an adder's head,
Like a serpent it will bite.
Wantons then will charm the eye,
Things perverse thy heart disclose;
On the billow thou shalt lie,
At the mast-head seek repose.

3 "I was stricken," thou shalt say,
"Yet when beaten felt no pain;
When shall wake the morning ray?
I will seek it yet again."
Lord, thy people's hearts incline
To arouse from thoughtless ease;
O assist the kind design
Of preventing scenes like these.

Anon.

---

730. *Trust in our Fathers' God.* L. M.

TO thee, O God, whose guiding hand
Our fathers led across the sea,
And brought them to this barren shore,
Where they might freely worship thee,

2 To thee, O God, whose arm sustained
Their footsteps in this desert land,
Where sickness lurked, and death assailed,
And foes beset on every hand,—

3 To thee, O God, we lift our eyes,
To thee our grateful voices raise,
And kneeling at thy gracious throne,
Devoutly join in hymns of praise.

4 Our fathers' God incline thine ear,
And listen to our heartfelt prayer;
Surround us with thy heavenly grace,
And guard us with thy constant care.

5 Our fathers' God, in thee we'll trust,
Sheltered by thee from every harm;
We'll follow where thy hand shall guide,
And lean on thy sustaining arm.

William T. Davis.

731. *God of our Fathers.* L. M.

O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And Spring adorns the earth no more.

L. Bacon.

732. *Give Peace, O God.* L. M.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

733. *God, the Nation's Guardian.* L. M.

GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
O still thy shelt'ring arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

Wm. Roscoe.

734. *To the God of Nations.* L. M.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise—
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray,—
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee, that the Gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee. *Unknown.*

735. *Mercy implored.* C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To thee for mercy call.

2 The guilt is ours, but grace is thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To thee we looked, to thee we cried,
And help in thee was found.

5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,
Then let thy mercy spare. *J. H. Gurney.*

736. *National Deliverance ascribed to God.* C. M.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'T was not their courage, or their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'T was not their number, or their strength,
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored,—
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

Tate & Brady.

737. *A mourning People.* C. M.

SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy redeeming grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

4 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God, is near. *Anne Steele.*

738. *National Hymn.* 6, 4.

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills:
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And sing from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake:
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King! *S. F. Smith.*

739. *Our native Land.* 6, 4.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:

When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State! *John S. Dwight.*

740. *Thanksgiving Choral.* 7.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong. *N. Strong.*

741. *Thanksgiving.*

WE come with the cup of salvation,
To call on the name of the Lord,
And gratefully bring our oblation,
With cheerful and loving accord.

CHOR.: We thank thee, dear Father, we thank thee,
For blessings in basket and store,
For peace and safety we thank thee,
Thy mercy and love we adore.

2 We come with rejoicing and gladness,
And break from the bondage of care,
Forgetting the grief and the sadness,
We often too willingly bear.

3 We join with the voice of a nation,
That bends at thine altars to pray,
Our eyes have beheld thy salvation
In many a perilous day.

4 With mountain, and valley, and river,
And fruitful domain we will raise
Our hearts to the bountiful Giver,
In ceaseless ascriptions of praise.

H. B. Hartzler.

CHRISTIAN HOME.

GENERAL HYMNS.

---

742. *Home dedicated to God.* **C. M.**

STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
To thee our prayers we send;
O God, from danger and from woe
This dwelling-place defend.

2 Here let thy peace, O Saviour, rest;
Here let thy love abide;
Make us a blessing, make us blest,
In all that may betide.

3 Keep storm, and fire, and sickness hence,
And danger and alarm;
Nor let the son of violence
Approach to do us harm.

4 Let our petitions when we meet,
And every secret prayer,
Come up before thy mercy-seat,
And find acceptance there.

5 Teach us, in life, with faith and lov
To do our Lord's commands;
And give us, in thy time, above,
A house not made with hands.

John Mason Neal.

743. "*A God unto thee, and to thy Seed.*" C. M.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abram and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure:
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given,
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name. *I. Watts.*

744. *The Christian Home.* C. M.

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign. *Unknown.*

MARRIAGE.

745. *Bless the nuptial Bands.* C. M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the wedded pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands:
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands. *J. Berridge.*

746. *Household Love.* 7, 6.

O LOVE, divine and tender!
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love:
A throne, without thy blessing,
Were labor without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessednes, are blest.

2 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here, in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there, forever sharing
Its joy, where "God is love."
John S. B. Monsell.

747. *For a Blessing on the Union.* 7.

FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.

2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.

3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One forever, Lord, with thee . *W. B. Collyer.*

CHILDREN, YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

748. *Remember thy Creator now.* C. M.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee. *Unknown.*

749. *Children's Prayer.* C. M.

O LORD, our God, thy light, and truth
To us thy children send,
That we may serve thee in our youth,
And love thee to the end.

2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wandering heart and wayward mind
Were enemies to God.

3 But friends and guardians now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain;
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.

4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs;
O Sun of righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wings. *Unknown.*

750. *The Christian Child.* C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own. *Reginald Heber.*

751. *Children in Heaven.* C. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
CHOR.: Singing, Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there?

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Mrs. Anne H. Shephard.

752. *Early Piety.* 7, 6.

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see him
I know he hears my praise;

For he has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

Mrs. Emily H. Miller.

753. *Suffer the little Ones to come unto me.* P. M.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mrs. J. Luke.

754. *Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.* 8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine: do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

755. "*Of such is the Kingdom of God.*" P. M.

THERE'S a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name he bears.

2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour
And to his Father cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,

Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there. *Albert Midlane.*

756. *The aged Pilgrim.* C. P. M.

THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days:
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

2 And now, in age and grief, thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

3 Yes; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song. *Sir Robert Grant.*

757. *The old Man's Prayer.* L. M.

MY Father, I have loved thy truth;
Thou wast my guide in early youth:
Thy hand in safety led me on
In wondrous ways I had not known.

2 I knew no want, and felt no fear,
With thee my kind Provider near;
Strong was my hand, and brave my heart,
To do my work, and act my part.

3 But now the fire of youth is dead;
The snows of age are on my head;
Mine eyes are dim, and faint and slow
My feeble, faltering footsteps go.

4 The friends and days of youth are gone,
And I, alas! am left alone!
Mine is an aged pilgrim's lot—
O God, my God, forget me not!

5 I bow submissive to thy will:
Thou art my God and Father still;
And now, when I am old and gray,
I rest on thee, my Staff and Stay.

H. B. Hartzler.

758. *Aged and Helpless.* L. M. 61.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart
O could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity! *C. Wesley.*

FAMILY WORSHIP.

759. *I will pray in the Morning.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My prayer to reach thine ear;
Thou art my Father and my Friend,
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease. *Anon.*

760. *The Voice of Prayer.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,—
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face. *I. Watts.*

761. *Morning Praise.* C. M.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend:
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend. *Anne Steele.*

762. *God's Blessings invoked.* C. M.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine:
O let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent:
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent. *P. Doddridge.*

763. *Early Thanks.* C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night. *I. Watts.*

764. *Morning Hymn.* L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake of dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite. *Thos. Ken.*

765. *Morning, Noon and Night.* S. M.

COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
During the heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight vails our eyes,
O it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray!
J. Montgomery.

766. *Evening Hymn.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love! *J. Leland.*

767. *Evening Meditations.* L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.
I. Watts.

768. *Evening Prayer.* L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
It is not night, if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin·
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor,
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above. *J. Keble.*

769. *Evening Praise and Supplication.* L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest. *T. Ken.*

770. *Protection invoked.* C. M.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise. *J. F. Herzog.*

771. *Early Morning.* 7, 6.

IN this calm, impressive hour,
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy! God of power!
Hear me, when to thee I cry;
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ, thy Son.

2 With the morning's early ray,
Wile the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide. *T. Hastings.*

772. *An Evening Blessing.* 8, 7.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom. *J. Edmeston.*

TIME AND ETERNITY.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

773. *Eternal Source of every Joy.* L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The Summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in Autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And Winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.
P. Doddridge.

774. *God crowns the Year with Goodness.* L. M.

THY providence, great God, we praise,
How good and great are all thy ways!
Thy bounty crowns our passing years,
And dissipates our anxious fears.

2 Thy promise stands forever fast,
While sun and moon, and earth shall last;
The laws of season shall endure,
Till time and stars are known no more.

3 Summer and Winter, cold and heat,
And night and day in order meet;
Seed-time, and harvest, each succeed,
To prove thy love—supply our need.

4 When years are past, and seasons o'er,
We still shall prove thy covenant sure;
And in the shining realms of bliss,
Adore thy goodness and thy grace.

Unknown.

775. *A living Sacrifice.* L. M. 6 l.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to him!

2 Thou God of grace, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine. *C. Wesley.*

776. *"Seed-Time and Harvest."* C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And the refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor Winter, fails.

Mrs. Alice Flowerdew.

777. *The Fruit of the Seasons.* C. M.

LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee;
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The Summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine, too, by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene. *John Keble.*

778. *Spring praises God.* C. M.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale;
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sings,
'Tis nature's cheerful voice,
Soft music hails the lovely Spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful song. *Anne Steele.*

779. *Thanksgiving Hymn.* 7.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the Summer sky;

3 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;

4 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

6 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, alt.

780. *God's Gifts in Nature.* 7, 6.

WE plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in Winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

From the German of Matthias Claudius.

781. *Praise to the God of Harvest.* 6, 4.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise

Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord. *J. Montgomery.*

782. *Renewed Devotedness.* 10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"
C. Wesley.

783. *For New Year's Eve.* 7.

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our songs of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.
Henry Downton.

784. *On beginning a New Year.* S. M.

OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away;
How short the term of life appears
When past—but as a day!—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way. *Benj. Beddome.*

785. *Retrospect of a Year.* 8, 7, D.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with thee above. *J. Newton.*

786. *Close of the Year.* C. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day. *Philip Doddridge*

787. *Improve the Time.* **L. M.**

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there. *I. Watts.*

788. *Earthly Things vain and transitory.* **L. M.**

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
f earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.
David E. Ford.

789. *God our safe Abode.* **L. M.**

THROUGH every age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

4 Teach us, O Lord! how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee. *I. Watts.*

790. *Warnings from the Grave.* **C. M.**

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,—
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower:
Each season has its own disease,—
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And shall earth still our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.

6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The dead who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven. *R. Heber.*

791. *Frailty of Life.* C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase:
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God! *I. Watts.*

792. *What is Life?* P. M.

O WHAT is life?—'t is like a flower
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour,

With all its beauty on:
Death comes, and, like a wint'ry day
It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 O what is life?—'tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow;
But while we look they die:
Life fails as soon:—to-day 't is here:
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life?—if spent with thee
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care;
Though life depart, our joys shall last,
When life and all its joys are past.

Jane Taylor.

793. *A Journey to the Tomb* 7, 6.

TIME is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a Winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a Winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

J. Burton.

794. *Our Fathers; where are they?* S. M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea,
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face. *P. Doddridge.*

795. *Let me know mine End.* S. M.

LORD! let me know mine end—
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age is naught with thee;
What is the highest boast of man
But dust and vanity?

3 At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

4 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

5 O spare me yet, I pray,
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

James Montgomery.

796. *I will wait.* S. M. D

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

CHOR.: Then, O my Lord! prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood
And take my sins away.

2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears
And we shall weep no more.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day.

5 'T is but a little while,
And he shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign. *H. Bonar.*

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

797. *Asleep in Jesus.* L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep·
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margareth Mackay.

798. *The End of that Man is Peace.* L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a Summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er·
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
How blest the righteous when he dies!

Mrs. M. A. Barbault.

799. *Why fear Death?* L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

I. Watts.

800. *The Christian's parting Hour.* L. M.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

W. H. Bathurst.

801. *The Resurrection of the Just.* L. M.

WE sing his love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all his saints, through him, might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

2 The saints, who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.

5 Hasten, dear Lord! the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display:
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Rowland Hill.

802. *The Grave a favored Spot.* L. M.

THE grave is now a favored spot,
To saints who sleep in Jesus bles
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest as in a peaceful bed;
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls who're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go. *Unknown.*

803. *At the Grave.* L. M.

UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful Tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's own dear Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious Morn;
Attend, O Earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

I. Watts.

804. *Living Hope.* C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high:

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,—
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home. *C. Wesley.*

805. *The Sharpness of Death overcome.* C. M.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.
Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

806. *We mourn not as those without Hope.* C. M.

WHY do we mourn for dying friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
There hopes unfading bloom.

4 Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed.

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day. *I. Watts.*

807. *Another Child called Home.* C. M.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us;
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

2 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

3 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee!

4 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong. *Unknown.*

808. *"I shall go to Him."* C. M.

THRO' sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of earth shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep. *H. K. White.*

809. *The last Trumpet.* C. M.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,—
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake;—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupt arise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfilled—
That death should yield its ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field;

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing;
"O Grave! where is thy victory?
"And where, O Death! thy sting?

5 "Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;
"'Twas this that armed thy dart:
"The law gave sin its strength, and force,
"To pierce the sinner's heart.

6 "But God, whose name be ever blest!
"Disarms that foe we dread;
"And makes us conqu'rors, when we die,
"Through Christ our living Head."

Wm. Cameron.

810. *Funeral of an Infant.* C. M.

WE lay thee in the silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of a day;
We just began to view thy bloom,
When thou art called away.

2 Friendship and love have done their last,
And now can do no more;
The bitterness of death is past,
And all thy sufferings o'er.

3 Thou minglest now in that bright throng
Around th' eternal throne,
And join'st the everlasting song
With those before thee gone. *Unknown.*

811. *Planted to bloom in Paradise.* C. M.

WHO shall forbid our chastened woe,
Our tears of love to start?
There's balm in their assuaging flow,
To heal the wounded heart!

2 This lovely child, thus early torn
From our fond breasts away,
With silent grief is gently borne
To its lone bed of clay.

3 Here sleep thou, till our longer race
And heavier toils shall close;
Then shall we seek thy resting-place,
And share thy long repose.

4 We plant thee here, with tears bedewed,
Bright flower of heavenly dye;
And often shall our griefs renewed,
These flowing founts supply.

5 But thou shalt yet in beauty bloom,
A plant of Paradise;
And gladden with thy sweet perfume
Our mansion in the skies. *William Hunter.*

812. *Victory over Death.* C. M.

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly Hills;
Ye Gates of death, give way.

2 My soul is full of whispered song,—
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are full of life and light.

3 The while my pulses fainter beat,
My faith doth so abound;
I feel firm ground beneath my feet—
The green, immortal ground.

4 That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go:
I know that my Redeemer lives,
That I shall live I know.

5 The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord, my King!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting? *Alice Carey.*

813. *It is not Death to die.* S. M.

IT is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Abraham H. C. Malan. Tr. G. W. Bethune.

814. *Resurrection.* S. M.

O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears. *S. F. Smith.*

815. *For Victory in Death.* S. M.

WHEN on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God, at thy command,—

2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart,
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart,—

3 Thou Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in his kind embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

William B. Collyer, alt.

816. *Solemn Thoughts of the Future.* S. M.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—

2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?

3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:

4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

5 O thou who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery;

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear. *C. Wesley.*

817. *This Body must die.* S. M

AND must this body die—
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above! *I. Watts.*

818. *Death of a Minister.* S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease:
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

819. *And with the Trump of God.* S. M.

IN expectation sweet,
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes!—the Conqu'ror comes;
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds,—Awake!—
Ye dead, to judgment come!—
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss. *Jos. Swain.*

820. *Forever with the Lord.* S. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
'So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

3 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!" *J. Montgomery.*

821. *Friends separated for a Season.* 6, 8, 8.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happy sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.
James Montgomery.

822. *The End approaching.* 8, 7.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, the angel guards attending,
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! thy Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy great Redeemer's breast
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory:
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign. *C. Wesley.*

823. *Only waiting.* 8, 7.

ONLY waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown:
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the hearts once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray

2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the Summer-time is faded,
And the Autumn winds have come,
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown:
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown

Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Mace.

824. *Bereavement and Resignation.* 8, 7.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we re not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing,—Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—Thy will be done.

Thos. Hastings.

825. *Triumph in Death.* 8, 7.

IS this death? my life-day ending?
Mighty Lord, to thee I cling!
Faith and hope are sweetly blending,—
I shall soon behold the King!

2 Long my Spirit hath been waiting
On the brink of mortal strife:
Hallelujah! now I'm sweeping
Through the pearly gates of life!

D. B. Byers.

826. *"Ye shall live also."* 7, 8, 7.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! and well I know,

From the dead he will recall me;
Better life will then commence—
This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven:
God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!
This shall be my confidence!

3 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
Calmly I can yield my breath,
Fearless tread the frowning portal;
Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,
Thou wilt be my confidence! *Tr. F. E. Cox.*

827. *Death of a Child.* 7, 6 l.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to Paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away.
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best;
Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, "It is the Lord,
Let him do as seems him good!"
Be thy holy name adored;
Take the gift awhile bestowed:
Take the child no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever thine. *C. Wesley.*

828. *For a Child's Funeral.* 6.

GO to thy rest, dear child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this blighting land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

2 Before thy heart could learn
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin could wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

829. *I would not live alway.* 11.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet:
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
Wm. A. Muhlenberg.

830. *The dying Christian to his Soul.* P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister Spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings: I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?
Alexander Pope.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

831. *The Lord will come.* L. M.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came;
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway?
By power oppressed and mocked by pride,
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants; to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.

R. Heber.

832. *Appearing of the Judge.* L. M.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns. *C. Wesley.*

833. *The Archangel's Trump.* L. M.

THE great archangel's trump shall sound
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar),
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness:
Stand as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

C. Wesley.

834. *Day of Life.* 8, 7.

LO, the day of Christ's appearing,
Day of life and day of light,
Day when death itself shall perish,
Day which ne'er shall set in night.

2 See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long,
Long implored, at length he hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

3 O how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful it will be
When they who, unseen, have loved him,
Jesus face to face shall see!

4 Blessed then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In those mansions to abide!

5 What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

From the Latin. Tr. Mrs. E. Charles.

835. *Jesus comes.* 7.

HARK!—that shout of rapt'rous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes—and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark!—the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See!—the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints! he comes for you,—
Rise, to meet him in the sky.

4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

Thomas Kelly.

836. *Christ is coming.* 8, 7, 4.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

John R. Macduff.

837. *The second Advent.* 8, 7, 4.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down! *C. Wesley.*

JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION.

838. *The awful Day.* C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love! *I. Watts.*

839. *The final Account.* C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear. *C. Wesley.*

840. *The Judge will come!* S. M.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, see his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head. *P. Doddridge.*

841. *The Judge of Quick and Dead.* S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear,

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down—

4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

5 O may we all insure
A lot among the blest:
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest. *C. Wesley.*

842. *The dreadful Day.* **L. M.**

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!
Sir Walter Scott.

843. *Judgment terrors—judgment raptures.* **8,7,4.**

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him;
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis he!"

5 Lo! 't is he! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory, to bestow. *C. Wesley.*

844. *The Day of Judgment.* 8, 7, 4.

DAY of judgment,—day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea,
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels hast thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You forever
Shall my love and glory know." *J. Newton.*

845. *The End of Things created.* P. M.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

Bartholomæus Ringwaldt. Tr. W. B. Collyer, alt.

HEAVEN.

---

846. *Home of the Soul.* P. M.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul.
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖: Between the fair city and me.:‖
Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
‖: And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.:‖
The King of, etc.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
‖ : To meet one another again. : ‖
With songs on, etc. *Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.*

847. *The Pilgrim's happy Lot.* 8, 8, 6.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved in low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 Though I no foot of land possess
Nor cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

4 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast. *J. Wesley.*

848. *The heavenly Home.* L. M.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

Wm. Hunter.

849. *"The Land that is very far off."* L. M.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the Paradise of God.

Gurdon Robins.

850. *Departing, to be with Christ.* L. M.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That blessed interview, how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet;
Raised in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

5 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below. *P. Doddridge.*

851. *Viewing Death joyfully.* L. M.

I'M glad that I was born to die;
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

2 I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolved to follow on;
They're happy round my Father's throne,
They're looking out for me to come.

3 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who used to join with me in prayer;
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.

4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death:
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

5 And when to that bright world I come,
And join my everlasting home,
My soul shall there forever bloom,
Until my body leaves the tomb.

6 Then all shall hear the solemn sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

7 There I shall see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be. *Anon.*

852. *The Land of pure Delight.* C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
The gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

I. Watts.

853. *Jordan's stormy Banks.* C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire. *S. Stennet.*

854. *Longing for a View of Heaven.* **C. M.**

O LET our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 O then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies. *Anne Steele.*

855. *The heavenly City.* **C. M.**

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong?
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. *D. Dickson.*

856. *The Glories of Heaven.* C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above. *Anne Steele.*

857. *Eye hath not seen.* C. M.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared,
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, or envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground. *I. Watts.*

858. *The heavenly Fold.* C. M.

THERE is a fold, whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life. *Bp. John East.*

859. *Sweet Home.* C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 When, by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home. *Anon.*

860. *"A Building of God."* C. M.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high:
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall:
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee. *I. Watts.*

861. *"Whence came they."* C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail and see
The saints above—how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven. *I. Watts.*

862. *In the Desert—Heaven before us.* C. M.

FORTH to the land of promise bound
Our desert path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise. *Henry Alford.*

863. *Rest and Joy in Heaven.* C. M. 5 l.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'T is found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

864. *A Home above.* S. M.

I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion, which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

CHO.—There 'll be no sorrow there;
There 'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love
There 'll be no sorrow there.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned,—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home,
Reserved for me in heaven. *Henry Bennett.*

865. *No Night in Heaven.* S. M.

THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng,
All holy in their spotless robes,
All holy in their song.

4 Ther is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

Frederick D. Huntington.

866. *The Armies of the living God.* 7, 6, 8, 6.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Henry Alford.

867. *A Stranger here.* 6, 4.

I'M but a stranger here—
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear—
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand—
Heaven is my fatherland;
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage—
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home,
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home. *Thos. R. Taylor.*

868. *The Realms of the Blessed.* 4, 8.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there!

4 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Mrs. Eliz. Mills.

869. *The Christian's sweet Home.* 11.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft' from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

3 I long from this body of clay to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace;
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
D. Denham.

870. *The blood-washed Host.* 7, D.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause:
Followers of the Lamb of God.

2 Out of great distress they came:
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed;
With the tree of life sustain;
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face;
Fill up every soul with love. *C. Wesley.*

871. *The Home of God's Elect.* 7, 6.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. J. M. Neale.

872. *The Rest that remaineth.* 6. D.

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry Williams Baker.

873. *"O Paradise."* P. M.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

F. W. Faber.

874. *'Now is Salvation nearer.''* S. M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er
Nearer my home am I to-day,
Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns—
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer leaving my heavy cross,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus! to thee I cling,
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Phœbe Carey.

875. *Nearer Home.* **P. M.**

O'ER the hills the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on,
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone;
Gone for aye its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come,
Still 'tis sweet to know at even,
We are one day nearer home.

CHO.—Nearer home, nearer home,
Nearer our eternal home,
Nearer home, nearer home,
We are one day nearer home.

2 "One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying,
On his distant, native shore;
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
I am one day nearer home.

3 Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim,
Hails the setting of the sun,
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done;
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal-sore we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

4 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer,
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains,
Of the land beyond the sky;

For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we 're one day nearer home.
W. J. Bostwick.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thomas Ken.

2. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be. *I. Watts.*

4. C. M. 8 l.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join. *I. Watts.*

5. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too. *I. Watts.*

6. S. M.

TO God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be. *J. Wesley.*

7. 8, 7, 6.

PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.
John Mason Neale.

8. 8, 7, 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father, God, the Son,
God, the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.
William Goode.

9. 6, 4.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven! *Edwin F. Hatfield.*

10. 7, 6.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We 'll celebrate the glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

Thomas Haweis.

11. 7, 6 l.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him,—all below the sky!
Praise him,—all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last. *Anon.*

12. 10, 11.

THY glory, O Lord! we joyfully sing;
Thy name be adored, thou merciful King!
We bless thee, Jehovah! the great One in Three,
Who wast, and who art, and who ever shalt be. *E. F. H.*

13. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the Church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

14. 7.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! *C. Wesley.*

15. **7.**

HOLY Father! Holy Son!
Holy Spirit! Three in One!
Praise and glory be to thee,
Now and through eternity. *Anon.*

16. *Gloria Patri.*

GLORY be to the Father,
And to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen. Amen.

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.
GENESIS.	
1 16	51
2 3	605
2 7	2
3 15	95
3 19	817
5 24	423, 582
6 3	218
8 11	280
8 22	773
17 7	743
19 17	236
19 22	243, 252
22 14	63
22 18	93
24 40	451
24 63	461
26 24	514
28 10–19	423
28 12	395
28 17	8
31 45	426
32 24–29	397, 431
35 15	423
47 9	793, 893
EXODUS.	
13 21	81, 523
14 15	577, 578
15 2	46, 506
15 26	74
16 23	600
17 11	395
19 5	57
20 11	603, 605
25 17	394, 516
25 22	394
29 38–43	206
33 22	281
34 7	59
LEVITICUS.	
19 2	58
25 9	209
26 39–42	256, 429
NUMBERS.	
10 29	617
14 18	59
21 8–9	186
23 10	798, 814
23 19	57
24 17	92
DEUTERONOMY.	
3 25	852, 853
5 32	403
18 15	109
26 17	336, 439
30 19	237
31 6	399
32 3	713, 775
32 29	215, 243
32 31	309, 514
32 49–52	852
33 25	514, 572
33 27	607
34 1	852
JOSHUA.	
1 8	176
18 3	782
23 8	631
23 14–15	57
24 15	439, 744
JUDGES.	
10 15	256, 259
RUTH.	
1 16	311, 439
1 20	523
2 12	607
1 SAMUEL.	
1 12–13	540
2 9	607
2 10	46
3 1	176, 177
3 18	523, 827
7 12	426
2 SAMUEL.	
12 23	808
15 15	647
22 2–3	493, 604
22 4	18
22 7	88
22 31	34
1 KINGS.	
8 27	708, 712
19 12	166
2 KINGS.	
7 4	233
1 CHRONICLES.	
28 9	241
2 CHRONICLES.	
6 41	642
15 15	439
EZRA.	
3 11	20, 59
8 22	46, 607
NEHEMIAH.	
4 6	544, 559
9 5–6	18, 21, 51
ESTHER.	
4 16	233
JOB.	
2 10	69, 71, 75, 523
3 10	523
7 6	784, 793

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.
7 16	829
14 1	791
14 4	185
14 14	519, 796, 808
19 25	131, 132, 817
25 4	185
29 2	584
29 3	582
38 41	66
40 4	185
PSALMS.	
1 2	177, 182
1 6	760
2 4	46
2 6	692
2 8	93, 680, 702
2 11	35
2 12	139
3 3	7
3 5	761, 763
5 3	760
5 7	19
5 11	34, 435
8 1	51, 63
10 17	337
16 5	72
16 6	20
17 8	769
17 15	501
18 35	509
19 1	51
19 5	642
19 6	680
21 4	761
22 1	111
23	76,78,470,528
	754
26 8	612
27 1	517
27 9	427
27 14	397
29 2	633
30 5	483, 504
32 1	303
32 8	136
33 12	773
34 1	413
35 18	33
37 5	505
39 4	791, 795
42 1–5	69, 75, 161
	423, 585, 608
43 3	445, 608
44 1	736
45 3	32, 109
46 1	79,102,517,607
48 1	713
48 2	611
48 14	136
50 1	6
50 14	174
51 2	256
51 5	185
51 10	370
55 17	433, 765
57 1	416
57 8	764
59 16–17	761
62 5	379
63 1	302, 359, 487
65 2	171
65 8	763
65 11	773, 776
66 1	1
67 1	699
67 4	24
69 13	74
71 9	756, 758
72 4	56, 83, 692
72 7	1
72 11	680, 698
72 15	411, 680
73 24	136, 180, 511
73 26	757, 815
78 5–6	733
78 53	767
81 1	30
84 1	608, 612
84 2	423, 608
84 6	503
84 7	571
84 11	7
84 12	435
85 6	344, 589
86 1	636
87 3	615
87 4	706
87 7	445
89 15	193, 209, 234, 325
90 1,2	53,789
91	313
91 4	282
91 6	772
91 11	73
95 6	19, 21
100 1–4	1, 2, 415
101 2	370
102 13	682
103 1–2	20
103 8–12	59
103 19	33
104	34
104 1–4	30
105 6	93
106 1	324
107 16	83
108 1	450
113 3	6
113 4	18
113 7	56
116 13	312
118 22	609
119	176, 177
119 54	628
119 94	336, 467
119 105	177, 180
119 111	176
121 4	410
124	733
125 2	613, 614
126 5,6	550, 647
131 1	280
132 18	93, 681
133 1	623,624,627, 632
137 2	418
137 6	612
139 1–6	55
139 23	363, 625
144 1	570
144 12	712
145	478

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.
145 10	14
146 7	411, 435
146 8	56, 411

PROVERBS.

3 5–6	69, 75, 78
3 13	33
4 18	642
4 27	403, 564, 625
6 23	176, 177, 182
7 2	564
8 17	672, 674, 754
14 34	734
16 1	337
18 24	132
19 17	533
22 11	382, 412
23 26	276, 343
23 32	722, 723, 725, 726
27 1	229,243
30 7–9	71, 81, 501, 523

ECCLESIASTES.

1 2	472
5 1–2	429,608,612
5 4–5	312
8 8	228
9 4,6,10	787
11 1	544, 550, 697, 719
11 6	550
12 1	651, 676, 750
12 7	803
12 14	839

SONG OF SOLOMON.

1 3	472
1 4	437
1 7	470
2 1	750
4 16	597
5 10	447, 449
6 10, 16	100, 642
8 6, 7	271, 387

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.

ISAIAH.

1 18	225
2 2–4	615, 680
3 10	211
4 5	615
6 1–7	5, 9, 18
6 3	5
9 2–6	84, 92, 109, 436
9 7	25, 93, 147
11 1–9	197, 680
11 10	455
12 1–3	193,333,399, 456, 461
12 2	18
12 5–6	4,13,18,20, 21,33,34
14 32	615
21 11–12	700
25 6	249
25 7	494
26 3	352
26 12	570
28 16	609
30 17	569
30 21	403
32 2	281, 282
32 20	550
33 17	310, 610, 835, 849
35 10	25, 441, 461
40 9	30
40 11	651, 676
40 31	35
42 3	135
42 16	411
43 1–2	519
44 1	93
44 22	232
45 19	429
45 22	391
45 23	93
49 15	232, 614
49 16	612
50 10	69
51 9	681
51 14	683
52 1–2	595
52 7	693
52 7–10	569, 643
52 11	595
53 6	464
55 1	194, 224
55 3	109, 247, 248
55 4	567
55 6	241, 277
55 17	433, 765
57 15	6
57 20	231
59 16	207
60 1–3	429, 595
61 10	301
62 3	93
62 6	640
62 10	569
63 5	200
63 11	592
64 2	376
66 1	711
66 2	370
66 8	690

JEREMIAH.

2 2	471
3 4	241
3 22	232, 583, 588
5 24	781
6 16	237
8 22	121
31 3	399
32 39	627
50 4–5	291, 345
51 15	51

LAMENTATIONS.

1 12	111, 121
3 19	93
3 24	338

EZEKIEL.

3 17	640
11 19	164, 188
21 27	681 686
33 7	643
33 11	209, 247, 248, 250, 780

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.
36 25–27	164, 188
37 1–10	187, 189, 200, 201, 683, 698

DANIEL.

2 44	32, 610, 680, 686, 698
3 17	494, 614
5 25–28	838
7 9	32, 34, 837
7 27	680
9 24	189, 363
9 26	117
12 2	801, 817, 819, 838, 861
12 3	243, 559, 701 861, 870

HOSEA.

6 3	27, 317
6 6	206
11 4	439
11 8	248, 283
13 14	142
14 1	263
14 3	435

JOEL.

2 1	247
2 17	750
2 28–29	171
3 18	224, 251, 600

AMOS.

4 12	840
5 4	247
5 21	206
6 1	582
9 2, 3	48

OBADIAH.

21	680

JONAH.

1 2	48
3 9	217

MICAH.

4 8	698
4 12	69, 692
6 9	681
7 7	282
7 19	329

NAHUM.

1 7	281, 607
1 15	643, 693

HABAKKUK.

1 13	58
2 1	379
2 20	36
3 2	589, 597
3 17–18	515

HAGGAI.

2 7	82

ZECHARIAH.

1 5	794
4 6	155
4 7	207
8 21	20, 21
9 12	189, 211, 607
12 10	837
13 1	189, 192, 251
14 7	503
14 9	47, 771

MALACHI.

1 11	681
3 1	383
3 2	837
3 7	232
3 10	597, 695
3 16	623, 632
3 17	622
4 2	283, 445, 515

MATTHEW.

1 21	94, 411, 453, 463
1 23	108
2 2	92
2 9–10	88, 92
3 7	190
4 1	135, 545
4 4	81
4 16	689
5 4	429
5 5	220
5 6	359, 442, 487
5 7	101
5 8	370, 382
5 10–12	103
5 13–16	321
6 6	397
6 9	72, 317, 408
6 10	483, 524, 680
6 11	80
6 12	256, 259
6 13	363
6 21	847
6 26	80
7 7	417, 429, 431
7 11	171
7 12	623
7 24	611
8 2	272
8 11	634
9 37–38	645, 684
10 31	77
10 32	451
10 38	349
10 40–42	617
11 5	411
11 12	573
11 28–30	201, 237, 240, 244, 246, 452, 484
12 20	135
12 36	839
13 8	17
13 16	643
13 23	37
14 14	383
14 23	416, 545
14 25–32	88, 282
15 25	284
16 18	609, 610, 611, 615, 622
16 26	237
17 2	104
17 4–8	442
17 20	305, 494
18 11	187
18 12	213

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.
18 20	23, 406
19 14	651, 676, 753
20 4	544, 559
21 15	83, 671
21 16	670, 680
21 42	601, 609
22 4	227, 239
24 12	156
24 13	513
24 30	841
24 42	644
25 6	837
25 34	25
25 40	534, 540
25 41	838
26 11	536
26 20	668
26 36–46	124, 393, 548, 566
27 29	119, 125, 134
27 36	319
27 45	110
27 51	111, 127
27 66	142
28 1–8	140, 141, 142
28 19	653
28 20	520

MARK.

2 17	186, 246
4 28	550
5 34	588
7 37	504
8 38	440, 451
9 24	189
10 14	651
10 21	349, 582
10 28–30	394, 450
13 31	361
13 37	565, 566
14 36	523, 524
15 30–35	110, 123
15 37	127, 133
16 15	643

LUKE.

1 17	670
2 10	82, 87, 88
2 13–14	86, 665
4 18–19	209, 411
5 12	272
6 21	483
9 23	349, 490, 546, 548
10 36	537
10 39–40	387, 416
10 42	215
11 1	404
11 13	171
11 22	189, 391
12 32	76, 514, 580, 615
13 24	216, 236
14 17	227
15 11–24	221, 232, 349, 255, 273, 454
17 4	101, 103
17 5	391, 861
18 1	393, 571
18 13	256, 259
19 42	216, 243, 252
22 19–20	661, 662, 664
22 42	824
22 44	112, 133, 246, 664
22 61	452
23 28	133
23 42	192, 414
24 29	45, 768
24 32	409
24 34	138, 142
24 36	23
24 46	133

JOHN.

1 1	183
1 4	97
1 12	217
1 14	360
1 18	301
1 29	85, 206, 255
3 3	188
3 16	201
3 17	197, 203
4 14	251, 442
4 35	552
4 37	550, 553
5 39	176, 182
6 20	512, 514
6 34	81
6 48	81, 442
6 63	156
6 68	278
7 37	251, 452
8 12	442, 452
9 4	505, 544, 599
9 25	320, 456
10 11–16	76, 691, 754
11 25	826
11 35	107
13 1	626
13 9	371
13 34	626, 632
14 2	846, 863, 864
14 3	24, 820, 867
14 6	97, 347, 441
14 16	161, 166, 170
14 19	516
14 27	131
15 5	313, 315
16 7–14	392
17 9	170, 188
17 21–24	340, 343, 388
18 37	631
19 2	33
19 30	123
19 34	114, 127
20 22	281
20 23	155, 169, 406
21 17	332

ACTS.

1 11	282, 437
2 1–4	835
2 39	154, 156, 160, 165
2 42	648
4 12	629
9 11	212, 282
9 18	404

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.
12 7	308
14 22	363, 870
16 9	536, 544, 555
16 31	189
17 28	22
20 35	533
24 25	217
26 18	625
28 28	93

ROMANS.

1 4	32
1 16	126, 440, 451
1 17	482
2 4	217
3 25	127, 192, 281, 287
4 6	303
4 20	57, 494
5 1	189, 268, 315
5 2	397
5 3–4	509
5 5	344, 426
5 6	110, 123, 187, 189
5 15	207
5 20–21	207, 399
6 11	119, 631
6 22	545, 719
8 1	304, 308, 309
8 2	348
8 14	164, 327
8 15	72, 161, 317, 504
8 16	159, 161, 323, 329
8 18	804
8 26	405
8 31	304, 308, 313
9 20	69
10 4	206
10 15	393, 643
10 20	462
12 1	349, 355
12 2	357, 370, 545
12 5	626, 631
12 15	357, 370, 541, 545
13 11	418, 869, 874
14 8	380
14 12	565
14 17	698
15 13	38, 40

1 CORINTHIANS.

1 22-24	202
2 2	121, 357, 359
2 10	332
3 7	17
3 11	309, 315
3 16	314
3 22–23	457
5 7	125
6 20	119, 336, 339, 346
9 26	547, 568
10 4	281, 442
11 33	664
12 3	332
12 27	631
13 1	539
13 12	71
13 13	448
15 10	320, 321
15 20	149
15 25	139, 680, 686
15 42	803, 817
15 15	140, 809
15 58	559, 719
16 13	563, 572, 574, 576

2 CORINTHIANS.

1 4	509, 528
1 22	161, 166, 168
3 6	156
3 18	383
4 14	826
4 17	45, 438, 494
4 18	788
5 1	860, 863
5 7	482, 503
5 8	813, 820, 860
5 10	840, 844
5 11	637
5 14	367
5 17	381, 450
6 2	236, 261
7 1	370, 443, 582
7 5	718
7 10	259
8 9	456
9 6	533
9 15	411, 478
10 5	434
12 10	349
13 11	170, 627
13 14	28, 39

GALATIANS.

2 9	618
2 20	320, 387
3 28	626, 631
4 6	323, 327, 439
4 15	582, 587
4 18	543
5 1	304, 562, 574
5 6	305, 412
5 22	397
6 2	625, 632
6 9	550, 559, 647, 719
6 14	126, 119, 120, 202

EPHESIANS.

1 3	398
1 6	207, 326
1 7–8	110, 119, 192, 206
1 13-14	161, 164, 168
1 20–21	93, 134, 145, 160
2 1	190
2 5–8	207, 305, 311, 456
2 20	609, 616
3 8	95
3 15	626, 630
3 17	45, 381
3 18–19	199, 357, 367, 471, 399, 387

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.
4 3	632
4 8	144, 149
5 8	321, 330, 482
5 14	151
5 27	622
6 10–17	489, 561, 562, 568, 570, 574

PHILIPPIANS.

1 6	207, 456
1 21	469, 501, 813, 829
1 23	850
2 5	103, 361, 570
2 7	308
2 9	12, 95
2 10-11	93
2 12–13	151
3 7	119, 121
3 8	437, 473
3 14	367, 513
3 21	801, 809, 817
4 4	24, 211, 465
4 6	422, 433
4 7	313, 315
4 11–12	500, 509, 514
4 13	379, 637

COLOSSIANS.

1 12	2, 398, 600
1 14	192, 206
2 3	109, 387, 436, 453
2 6–7	582, 631
2 10	304
2 14–15	133, 141
3 1–3	24, 140, 357, 461, 631
3 11	94, 365, 419, 449, 466, 474.
3 12–14	539, 621, 623, 632

1 THESSALONIANS.

2 12	443
3 3	501, 514
3 13	644, 834, 835, 837
4 3	131
4 13–18	640, 797, 806, 814, 820, 837, 840, 844
5 5–8	547, 563, 566
5 16	24
5 17	571
5 23–24	57, 242, 362, 383, 385, 631, 644

2 THESSALONIANS.

1 7–10	832, 837, 838, 844
3 1	688, 690, 703
3 13	550, 559, 647

1 TIMOTHY.

1 5	370, 391
1 15	187, 203, 462
2 4	209
2 5–6	12, 132, 135, 301, 323
3 16	308
4 16	640
6 6–10	81, 523
6 11–12	451, 562, 563, 566, 572, 574, 577

2 TIMOTHY.

1 12	304, 315, 309 451
2 12	134, 440, 513
2 15	640
2 19	510, 514
3 12	563
3 15–17	176, 179, 182, 177
4 6–8	445, 562, 563 782, 818

TITUS.

2 11–12	87, 370, 443
2 13	700
2 14	96, 110, 123, 187
3 2	101, 103
3 5	151, 188, 206, 207

HEBREWS.

1 3	147
1 14	73, 554, 767
2 9	93, 100, 134
2 10	123, 125, 562 580
2 17	135
2 18	545
3 15	236, 252
4 9	599, 852, 863
4 12	181, 183
4 13	48
4 14–15	109, 132, 135
4 16	394, 395, 417, 431
5 7	112, 124, 135
6 18	282
6 19	309, 324, 360
7 24–25	12, 132, 323
9 27	816 817
10 4	185, 206
10 20–22	114, 417
11 1	268, 274, 482
11 8–10	482, 489, 867
11 13	81, 782
11 16	310, 853, 856
12 1	547
12 2	124, 134, 262, 391, 441, 490
12 5–11	69, 72, 75, 126, 507
12 24	272, 301, 371
13 5	56, 309, 509, 514
13 13	349, 451
13 16	623
13 17	640

Ch. Ver.	Hymn.
JAMES.	
1 12	563
1 17	70, 74
1 25	316
1 27	623
5 16	395
5 20	538, 544, 552
1 PETER.	
1 8	94, 367, 387, 442, 445, 449, 463
1 15–16	58
1 18–19	119, 125, 192, 206, 249, 281
2 6–7	94, 436, 609
2 9	456
2 21–23	101, 103
2 24	121, 122
3 22	12, 25, 93, 109, 147
4 14	490
4 18	844
5 4	461, 562
5 7	379, 403, 509
2 PETER.	
1 4	58, 317, 514
1 19	172, 190, 283, 700
1 21	177, 179
3 9	57, 514
3 10	837, 841, 844, 845
3 11–12	551, 840
3 13	835, 852
1 JOHN.	
1 1	331, 618
1 3	356, 631
1 7	192, 281, 330, 378, 411
1 9	211, 225, 287
2 1	132, 135, 139, 265
3 1	72, 317
3 3	283, 310, 383, 391
4 8	60, 63, 202, 624
4 18	331, 323
4 19	430, 462
5 4	489, 494
5 7	32, 55
5 10	332
5 11	372
5 14	417
JUDE.	
20	625, 629
REVELATION.	
1 5–6	4, 87, 168
1 7	837
1 18	133
2 2	48
2 4	471, 582, 584
2 10	547, 562, 563, 804
2 28	445
3 20	217, 300, 434
4 11	93, 145
5 9–13	12, 93, 187, 415, 665
6 17	832, 842, 845
7 9–17	22, 33, 193, 751, 804, 865, 870
11 15	680, 681, 682, 692
14 13	630, 798, 799, 814
19 1	5
19 4	93
19 6	46, 47, 866
19 12–16	93, 109, 125, 134, 145
51 4	856, 865, 873
21 5	383
21 6	251, 383
21 27	75
22 5	852, 853
22 16	445
22 17	234, 246, 251
22 20	700

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE FIGURES REFER TO THE HYMNS.

Abba, Father, 317, 323, 349, 368, 460.
Abide with me, 45.
Accepted time, 216, 236, 243, 247, 248, 252.
Access to God, 417, 423.
Activity, calls to, 304, 418, 544, 552, 562, 574, 577, 719.
Adoption:—
  Assurance of, 72, 323, 460.
  Joy of, 46, 321, 327, 452,
Afflictions: —
  Blessings of, 69, 490, 508, 614.
  Comfort in, 470, 505, 693, 718, 824, 848.
  Courage in, 76, 349, 437,
  Prayer during, 367, 393, 470, 500.
  Refuge in, 393, 394, 452, 466, 495, 506, 514.
Angels:—
  At Advent of Christ, 86, 87, 91.
At Coronation of Christ, 12, 93.
At Resurrection of Christ, 133, 140, 141.
At Exaltation of Christ, 145, 147.
  Joy of, 85, 91, 273.
  Ministry of, 767, 772.
  Song of, 86, 87, 91.
Apostle's creed, 64.
Ashamed of Jesus, 440, 451.
Assurance, 323, 331, 332, 334, 456, 460, 467.
Atonement:— 96, 200, 227.
  Completed, 111, 114, 117, 124, 127, 246, 249.
  Fullness of, 111, 125, 209, 251.
  Necessary, 117, 188, 189, 206, 281.
  Sufficient, 125, 126, 185, 206, 260, 282, 301, 516.
  Universality of, 114, 209, 212, 301.
Backsliding, 289, 582, 585, 588.
Baptism:—
  Adults, 653.
  Infants, 648, 651, 676, 743, 750.
  Significance of, 653.
Battle Hymn of the Reformation, 580.
Benediction, Apostolic, 39.
Bereavement, 824, 827.
Calvary, 115, 124, 251, 664.
Charity, 533–537, 539–541.
Children and Youth:—
  Advised, 241.
  Hosannas of, 671, 674, 679.
  In heaven, 811, 827.
  Piety of, 752, 753.
  Praise of, 674, 678.
  Prayer for, 676.
  Training of, 670.
Choosing Christ, 439.
Christ:—
  Abiding with believers, 45, 89, 392, 447, 514, 768.

Christ:—*Continued.*
Adoration of, 109, 125, 202, 415, 436, 461, 665, 686, 837.
Advent, first, 82–87, 91.
Advent, second, 832, 835, 837, 842–844.
Advocate, 139, 160, 323, 461.
Agony of, 112, 125, 246, 284, 664.
All in all, 96, 107, 343, 365, 462, 466.
Ascension of, 89, 144.
Author of faith, 262, 383.
Blood of, 185, 186, 192, 291, 301, 309, 324, 326, 359.
Bread of heaven, 81, 442, 516, 664.
Brother, 107, 403, 436, 847.
Captain of salvation, 569, 571, 576, 580.
Character of, 101, 103, 436.
Compassion of, 232, 284, 383, 429.
Condescension of, 19, 64, 92, 136, 277, 308.
Confession of, 336, 349, 380, 451, 490, 548.
Conformity to, 101, 103, 124, 201, 283, 370, 391, 443, 545, 548, 631.
Conqueror, 109, 114, 133, 139, 142, 144, 146, 276, 447, 686.
Consoler, 107, 136, 429.
Corner-stone, 609.
Coronation of, 12, 93, 125, 134, 145, 147, 160.
Counsellor, 84, 347.
Creator, 92, 96, 110, 149.
Cross of, 119, 123, 126, 202, 490.
Christ:—*Continued.*
Crucifixion of, 112, 119, 123–127, 186, 192–206, 251, 260, 287.
Day-star, 283.
Delight in, 98, 449, 450, 457.
Deliverer, 88, 411, 466, 514, 595, 804.
Divinity of, 12, 28, 119, 159, 301, 391, 411, 837.
Exaltation of, 12, 47, 95, 134, 139, 149, 160, 436, 601.
Exemplar, 101, 103, 124, 201, 535, 545, 548.
Faith in, 122, 131, 185, 283, 373, 471.
Following, 349, 363, 412, 441, 461, 546, 572, 567, 808, 861.
Fountain, 192, 224, 251, 282, 371, 442, 776.
Friend, 123, 136, 403, 422, 440.
Friend of sinners, 83, 107, 123, 133.
Fullness of, 96, 464, 466.
Glory of, 82, 100, 145, 283, 832.
Glory in the cross of, 119, 126, 357, 451.
Grace of, 83, 95, 107, 135, 277, 282.
Guide, 81, 136, 244, 347, 363, 511, 528, 567.
Hiding-place, 94, 282, 466.
High-priest, 135, 209, 234, 678.
Humiliation of, 92, 115, 123, 125, 328.
Immanuel, 127, 192, 464, 469.
Incarnate, 22, 32, 86, 87, 91, 144, 149.
Intercession of, 125, 131, 246, 272, 289, 301, 323, 760.

Christ:—*Continued.*
Invitation of, 201, 227, 236, 239, 240, 244, 250, 278, 431, 441, 452.
Joy of believers in, 134, 139, 192, 209, 212, 357, 417, 442, 445, 663.
Judge, 465, 551, 816, 838, 839, 841, 844, 845.
King, 25, 33, 82, 92, 134, 109, 139, 325, 411, 415, 477, 529, 686.
King of glory, 89, 574, 752.
Lamb of God, 12, 111, 117, 168, 192, 193, 255, 299, 359, 360, 464.
Leader, 461, 528, 567.
Life, 94, 96, 131, 149, 276 380.
Light of the world, 10, 283, 442, 445, 447, 452, 511.
Love of, 28, 96, 101, 123, 187, 367, 387, 399, 462,
Love to, 94, 282, 367, 380, 415, 419, 437, 436, 449–453.
Loveliness, 89, 100, 438, 449, 472.
Majesty of, 93, 100, 837, 845.
Mediator, 47, 246, 289.
Meekness of, 103, 464, 570.
Mind of, 361, 570, 572.
Mission of, 83, 692.
Names of, 91, 94, 109.
Our passover, 122, 125, 140.
Patience of, 101, 135, 843.
Physician, 83, 102, 186.
Power of, 212, 262, 360, 379, 571, 815.
Prayer of, 112, 135, 248.
Prayer to—See *Prayer.*
Preciousness of, 94, 168, 367, 447, 472, 529, 869.
Christ:—*Continued.*
Presence of, 23, 30, 102, 104, 283, 337, 392, 406, 442, 520.
Priesthood of, 91, 94, 98, 109, 135, 209, 678.
Prince of glory, 119.
Prince of life, 121, 813.
Prince of peace, 83, 84, 121, 352, 700, 835.
Prophet, 91, 94, 401.
Protector, 136, 325, 431.
Redeemer, 64, 92, 98, 123, 124, 131, 149, 240, 276, 411, 471, 822.
Refuge, 80, 189, 281, 282, 466, 484, 495.
Reigning, 82, 109, 133, 134, 136, 160, 465, 601, 686, 692.
Resurrection of, 133, 133, 140–142, 146, 149, 665, 806.
Righteousness of, 301, 436.
Rock, 281, 309, 615, 765, 833.
Sacrifice, 96, 323, 324, 664.
Saviour, 25, 83, 87, 89, 96, 111, 122, 145, 212, 232, 240, 692.
Shepherd, 76, 78, 94, 470, 651, 676, 678.
Son of God, 64, 103, 114, 121, 149, 406, 700.
Substitute, 29, 100, 110, 111, 138, 301, 462, 464.
Sufferings of, 110, 111, 115, 119, 123, 262.
Sufficient, 96, 136, 185, 209, 276, 474.
Sun of righteousness, 283, 768.
Surety, 323.
Sympathy of, 100, 102, 107, 135, 284, 422.
Teacher, 201.

Christ:—*Continued.*
Triumph of, 145, 284,
Temptations of, 115, 135, 284. 832, 837.
Way, truth and life, 97, 347, 403, 404, 441, 670.
Weeping over sinners, 112, 284.
Wisdom, Our, 347.
Works of, 95, 124, 127, 131, 142.
Worshiped, 12, 23, 91.
Christians:—
At the cross, 110, 319, 343, 391.
Christ the life of, 131, 328, 452, 462.
Conquerors through Christ, 331, 561, 567, 569, 574, 576, 580.
Courage of, 547, 562, 563, 572, 574.
Dependence, 357, 392. 403, 572.
Duties of, 443, 540, 544, 551, 559, 563, 573, 625.
Encouragements of, 418, 451, 456, 461, 470, 504, 513, 562, 572, 574.
Fellowship of, 330, 548, 617, 618, 623, 627, 629, 632.
Followers of Christ, 349, 412, 546, 461, 808.
Growth of, 38, 450, 625.
Joy of, 24, 122, 211, 325, 326, 331, 333, 471, 472, 515, 615.
Race of, 482, 547, 562.
Safety of, 24, 66, 330, 462.
Submission of, 349, 414, 500, 523, 528.
Trials and sufferings of, 482–530.
Triumph of, 483, 547, 818, 866, 871.
Christians:—*Continued.*
Warfare of, 489, 561–580, 818.
Witness for, 633, 637.
Work for, 357, 534, 537, 540, 559, 645.
Church:—
Afflicted, 589, 607.
Beloved by God, 595, 609, 611, 613, 614, 615, 693.
Foundation of, 609, 615.
God the strength of, 580, 610, 613, 614.
Immovable, 577, 610, 611, 613.
Joining the, 617, 618.
Triumph of the, 577, 578, 610, 693.
Churches:—
Dedication of, 706, 710–712.
Close of service, 10, 16, 26, 27, 37, 38, 39, 40, 45, 81, 519.
Comfort for mourners, 394, 483.
Conference hymns, 714–721.
Confession of faith, 55, 64.
Conscience, 161, 455, 564.
Consecration:—336–358.
Entire, 379.
Of goods, 312, 533, 540.
Of self, 100, 271, 339, 340, 439.
Renewal of, 345, 763, 764.
To Christ and God, 110, 276, 336, 337, 340, 358, 359, 367, 380, 426, 431.
To the ministry, 637, 645.
Contentment, 500.
Conversion:—Joys of, 307, 439, 441, 471.

Cross :—
Bearing the, 349, 358, 379, 438, 446, 490, 546, 548, 563.
Glorying in the, 119, 126, 202, 357, 451, 637.
Lessons of the, 110, 115, 118, 119, 121, 126, 202.
Power of the, 115, 118, 202, 569.
Salvation through the, 110, 118, 121, 124, 126, 249.
Soldiers of the, 563, 569.
Victory of the, 139.
Crowns of glory, 412, 490, 514, 546, 804, 843, 874.
Day of grace, 216, 218, 236, 252.
Death :—
Confidence in, 76, 78, 80, 81, 414, 456, 469, 798, 799, 808.
Conquered, 144, 797, 805, 806, 808, 809, 813.
Fear of, overcome, 445, 799, 800, 806, 829.
Nearness of, 228, 229, 766, 790.
Of children, 811, 827, 828.
Of friends, 824.
Of pastor, 818.
Of saints, 798, 800, 803, 806, 814, 815, 822, 824, 830.
Second, 228, 237, 790, 816.
Universality of, 228, 790, 816.
Victory over, 133, 417, 445, 806, 809, 815, 830.
Welcome, 818, 829.
Depravity, 185, 189.
Devils, 7, 79, 95, 115, 284, 324, 566, 571.
Entire sanctification, 359–390.
Eternity, 794, 816.
Evening :—
Hymns, 768, 769.
Meditation, 766, 767.
Of life, 757, 758.
Prayer, 416, 768, 769.
Expostulation, 246–250.
Faith :—
Assurance of, 44, 80, 280, 366, 376, 380, 467, 494.
Confession of, 64, 462.
Fight of, 572.
In Christ, 80, 131, 135, 255, 305, 324, 391, 460, 511, 756.
Joy of, 357, 442, 473.
Justification by, 268, 269, 272, 321.
Power of, 258, 282, 375, 482, 800.
Prayer for, 375, 494.
Prayer of, 375, 417.
Rest of, 373.
Salvation, 255, 324.
Vision of, 310, 416, 563, 821, 833, 861.
Walking by, 417, 418, 490.
Work of, 566.
Family :—
Happiness, 744, 746.
Worship, 747, 759, 772.
Gethsemane, 112, 124. 664.
God :—
Abode of, 31,
Absence from, 419, 582.
Access to, 63, 417, 423.
Adored, 6, 9, 14, 38, 508.
Almighty, 2, 4, 13, 34, 47, 57.
All-seeing, 55, 410.
Benevolence, 20, 34, 68.
Communion with, 44, 319, 398, 409, 419, 445, 493, 760.

God :—*Continued.*
Compassion of, 59, 221, 227, 248, 256, 289.
Condescension of, 6, 54.
Creator, 2, 21, 22, 51, 64, 65, 435.
Eternal, 1, 9, 53, 57, 58, 68.
Faithful, 57, 211, 251, 280, 451, 456.
Father, 3, 22, 24, 72, 232, 302, 460, 499.
Forbearance of, 54, 289, 583.
Friend, 34, 460, 499, 693, 794.
Glory of, 4, 29, 34, 51.
Goodness of, 55, 56, 74, 227 435, 776.
Grace of, 20, 22, 34, 59, 207, 221, 292, 456.
Guardian, 7, 34, 44, 241, 733.
Guide, 42, 78, 81, 499, 511, 519, 528, 567.
Helper, 44, 53, 79, 89, 607.
Holiness of, 54, 58, 89, 365, 760.
Immutable, 63, 361, 515, 614.
In nature, 4, 24, 34, 51, 80, 174.
In dwelling of, 314, 330, 382.
Infinite, 9, 34, 55, 71, 402.
Jehovah, 13, 21, 81, 428, 614, 708.
Justice of, 68, 89.
King, 7, 9, 21, 32, 34, 47, 735.
King of kings, 9, 73, 740. 769.
Love of, 2, 20, 54, 55, 59, 60–62, 171, 224, 368, 732.
Majesty of, 2, 5, 6, 54.
God :—*Continued.*
Mercy of, 6, 20, 56, 63, 70, 74, 221, 231, 421.
Omnipotent, 4, 33, 47 77, 410, 611, 734.
Omnipresent, 8, 17, 23, 29, 36, 44, 55.
Omniscient, 48, 55.
Portion of his people, 338, 456.
Prayer-hearing, 6, 171, 394, 398, 404.
Presence of, 8, 29, 33, 38, 78, 419, 513.
Preserver, 51, 344.
Promises of, 80, 256, 366, 375, 416, 456.
Protector; 241, 456, 611, 613.
Providence of, 7, 24, 56, 66, 80, 505.
Reconciled, 323.
Refuge, 231, 313, 607.
Ruler, 9, 33, 47, 504, 682.
Rock, 506.
Saviour, 81, 567, 585, 595.
Shepherd, 76, 78, 678.
Source of blessing, 56, 426, 445, 773, 779.
Supreme, 47, 77, 504.
Trust in, 70, 505, 517.
Trust of, 2, 505.
Unsearchable, 69.
Watchful care of, 410.
Wisdom of, 4, 54, 55, 63, 69.
Works of, 4, 31, 51, 435, 707, 709.
Worshiped, 2, 9, 54.
Gospel :—
Armor, 494, 561, 572.
Banner, 120.
Blessings of, 175, 226, 227, 643, 719, 734.
Excellence of, 175, 201, 207.
Feast, 194, 227, 239.

Gospel :—*Continued.*
Freeness of, 194, 247.
Fullness of, 194, 227, 239.
Invitations, 194, 216, 221, 227, 239.
Message, 216, 221, 247, 429, 643.
Power of, 256, 589, 636, 734.
Reception of, 35, 37, 451.
Spread of, 175, 209, 643, 682.
Success of, 32, 550, 708.
Triumph of, 680, 690, 692.

Grace :—
Assisting, 336.
Desire for, 39, 305, 336, 365.
Free, 207, 209, 224, 250, 251, 305, 328.
Justifying, 198.
Miracle of, 319.
Preserving, 418, 513, 570.
Quickening, 325, 359, 550.
Redeeming, 312.
Regenerating, 456.
Restoring, 292, 325, 391.
Sanctifying, 131, 305, 548.
Saving, 207, 212, 305, 450, 456.
Sovereign, 198, 683.
Throne of, 417.

Gratitude, 22, 38, 100, 312, 359, 580, 734, 781.

Guidance, Divine, 76, 78, 81, 424, 754.

Guilt—See *Sinners.*

Hallelujah, 91, 140, 246, 428, 866.

Happiness, 303, 439, 467, 744.

Harvest :—
Spiritual, 647, 773, 777, 779.
Temporal, 773, 776, 777, 780, 781.

Heart :—
Change of—See *Regeneration.*
Clean, 363, 370.
Contrite, 370.
Purity of, 366, 370, 371, 382.

Heaven :—
Anticipated, 24, 25, 35, 192, 349, 456, 578, 853.
Bliss of, 24, 54, 366, 600, 804, 846–875.
Christ in, 461, 820, 847, 870, 873.
Friends in, 630, 811, 818, 855, 866.
Holy, 848, 849, 856, 865.
Home in, 461, 489, 578, 813, 848, 863, 874.
Longing for, 38, 303, 448, 501, 782, 847–874.
Nearness to, 418, 423, 557, 820, 877.
Prospect of, 467, 514, 632, 847.
Rest in, 201, 342, 489, 567, 605, 829, 863, 865.
Songs of, 25, 30, 98, 312, 574, 870.
Worship of, 35.

Hell :—
Hosts of, 571.
Place of punishment, 216, 228, 231, 256, 790, 838.
Salvation from, 324.

Holiness : — See *Christ, God, Sanctification.*

Holy Spirit :—
Baptism, 157.
Comfort of, 9, 32, 64, 161, 166, 516, 669.
Descent of, 157, 165.

Holy Spirit:—*Continued.*
Divine, 64, 165, 248, 329.
Earnest of, 161, 168.
Fruit of, 155, 168, 169, 314, 369, 381.
Gifts of, 79, 155.
Grieved, 218.
Guide, 155, 314.
Illuminator, 157, 159, 162, 164, 166, 169, 333.
Indwelling, 157, 161, 170, 314, 381, 460.
Influences of, 156, 157, 160, 162.
Inspirer, 155, 162, 166, 329.
Invitations, 218, 250, 516, 571.
Invoked, 37, 156, 157, 162, 164, 166, 168, 169, 170, 314, 333, 369, 381, 582, 645.
Mission of, 160, 329.
Power of, 32, 156, 157, 159, 164, 188, 292, 329.
Refining, 157, 376.
Regenerator, 160, 188, 592.
Revealer, 333.
Sanctifier, 188, 376.
Sealing, 161, 221.
Striving, 218, 248.
Teaching, 155, 157, 162, 314, 333, 592.
Witness of, 159, 161, 221, 272, 323, 329, 333, 381, 869.
Work of, 164, 166, 168, 188, 329, 333, 369, 592.
Worship of, 163, 328.
Hope:—
Aspirations of, 360,514.
In affliction, 514.
In darkness, 418.
In death, 797–799, 806, 814, 829.
In God, 69, 418.
Of heaven, 310, 465, 514, 567, 632, 788.
Hope:—*Continued.*
Prisoners of, 211.
Rejoicing in, 211, 817.
Hosannahs, 156, 601, 615, 662, 671, 686.
Humility, 255, 370, 379, 382.
Immortality, 14, 435, 817, 820, 865.
Intemperance, Evils of, 537, 722, 725, 726.
Inspiration—See *Holy Spirit, Scriptures.*
Joy:—
In Christ, 6, 82, 328, 465.
Of the believer, 133, 138, 328, 853.
Over sinners saved, 221.
Jubilee:—
Children's, 671.
Year of, 209, 635, 836.
Judgment:—
Boldness in, 301.
General, 837, 840, 842, 845.
Security in, 301, 833, 844.
Justification:—
Blessedness of, 303, 326, 331, 460.
By faith, 309, 324, 326, 455, 456, 460.
Evidence of, 331.
Kingdom of Christ—See *Christ, Church.*
Leprosy, Spiritual, 272.
Life:—
Frailty, 53, 750, 738, 791, 795.
Object of, 380, 565.
Shortness of, 44, 59, 551, 783, 796.
Solemnity of, 237, 565, 795, 796, 816.
Uncertain, 551, 790, 791, 794.

Longings:—
For Christ, 344, 372, 380, 630, 869, 873.
For heaven, 310, 415, 818, 855, 873.
For holiness, 378, 869.
For the Holy Spirit, 376.
Lord's-day:—
Blessings, 599, 605.
Delight in, 600, 601, 603.
Evening, 45.
Morning, 599.
Welcomed, 599, 601, 603, 605.
Worship, 7, 600, 605.
Lord's prayer, 407.
Lord's supper:—
Institution of, 662.
Invitations to, 663, 665–667.
Reception of, 661–669.
Significance of, 661–667.
Love:—
For Christ, 200, 380, 388, 437, 448.
For God, 63, 374, 419.
For the Church, 612, 623, 624.
Of God, 54, 62, 63, 200.
Perfect, 378, 388.
Power of, 374, 376, 387.
Prayer for, 347, 570.
Love-feast hymns, 516, 633, 634.
Loving-kindness, 418, 465, 472.
Lukewarmness, 156, 551.
Marriage hymns, 745–747.
Meditation, Evening, 416, 766, 767.
Mercy:—
Free, 224, 231, 250.
Sought, 283, 289, 292, 588.
Triumphs of, 681.
Mercy-seat, 301, 394.
Millennium, 688, 690, 698.
Ministry:—
Call to, 637, 645, 646.
Commission of, 635, 639, 640.
Consecration to the, 637, 645.
Fidelity of the, 636, 637, 640.
Labors of the, 247, 636, 641, 643.
Meetings of, 638.
Prayer for the, 37, 636, 640, 642, 645.
Reward of the, 636, 641, 644, 646, 647.
Missions:—
Extension of, 680–686, 688, 690, 700.
Prayer for, 681, 686, 690, 698. 699, 702.
Success of, 680, 688, 690, 694, 700, 702, 703.
Work of, 683, 686, 688, 695–698, 701, 703.
Morning:—
Hymn, 764.
Prayer, 759, 760.
Star, 440.
National hymns 730–741.
Nature:—
Beauties of, 472.
God seen in, 55.
New Year, 53, 775, 782, 784.
New Year's eve, 786.
Old age, 756–758.
Only plea, 255.
Out of the depths, 280.
Panoply, 561, 572.
Paradise, 372, 633, 849, 873.
Pardon:—
Found, 198, 212, 307, 312, 340, 455, 471.
Joy of, 307, 441, 471.
Offered, 232.
Sought, 185, 189, 4[illegible] 588.

Patience, 69, 101, 352, 548, 823.
Peace :—
Christian, 66, 433, 607.
For the troubled, 244.
National, 732, 736.
Penitence :—232, 289.
See also—*Repentance.*
Pentecost, 163, 165, 314.
Perfect love, 360, 373, 375, 570, 661.
Pilgrim :—
Aged, 756.
Exhorted, 578.
Guide of, 81, 244, 431.
Home, 862.
Journey of, 190, 431, 461, 503, 578, 800.
Prayer of, 81, 548.
Song of, 461, 782.
Spirit of, 487, 503, 756, 847.
Pity :—
Sought, 536, 722, 723.
For the poor, 533, 535, 536.
Praise :—
Calls to, 4, 16, 24, 56, 187, 211, 312, 415, 633, 836.
For creation, 14, 22.
For deliverance, 74, 88, 718.
For divine grace, 198.
For pardon, 198, 441.
For redemption, 1, 18, 187, 202, 209, 212, 428.
To Christ Jesus, 12, 25, 30, 93, 149, 192, 202, 325, 411, 436, 449, 487, 633.
To God, 8, 14, 18, 19, 21, 31, 33, 74, 86, 198, 411, 426, 487, 761, 764.
To the Creator, 1, 2, 4, 31, 435.
To the Father, 5, 22, 32, 605.
Praise :—*Continued.*
To the Holy Spirit, 5, 32 605.
To the Trinity, 5, 64, 155, 499, 605.
Prayer :—
Blessings of, 395, 422.
Delight in, 398, 416, 433, 765.
Design of, 393.
Encouragement to, 398, 422, 431, 433.
Evening, 416, 768, 769.
For acceptance, 343, 391.
For comfort, 391.
For deliverance, 255, 282.
For entire sanctification, 131, 159, 344, 347, 370, 376, 379, 381, 382, 383, 417, 564.
For extension of Christ's kingdom, 31, 699.
For faith, 118.
For guidance, 70, 81, 391, 523, 564, 760.
For help, 284, 363, 533.
For mercy, 262, 429.
For national pardon, 735.
For national peace, 732, 736.
For pardon, 185, 256, 299, 769.
For protection, 339, 391, 612, 766.
Importunity in, 262, 395.
Morning, 759, 760, 765.
Nature of, 404, 405, 765.
Power of, 393, 395, 405, 409, 410, 561.
To Christ, 44, 89, 122, 240, 262, 276, 277, 592, 768.
To God, 19, 38, 237, 262, 292, 429, 444.

Prayer :—*Continued.*
To the Holy Spirit, 155–157, 161, 162, 168–170.
Unceasing, 571, 765.
Probation, 229, 236, 845.
Procrastination, 217, 218, 243.
Prodigal's welcome, 273.
Prophecy, 85, 114, 685.
Providence: — 56, 66–81, 736, 739.
Merciful, 56, 76, 776.
Mysterious, 69, 74, 504.
Punishment — See *Judgment and Retribution.*
Redemption :—
Complete, 111, 209.
Free, 209.
Full, 159, 209, 329.
Universal, 198, 209.
Wonders of, 198.
Regeneration :—
Need of, 151, 156, 188.
Prayer for, 272.
Witness of, 161, 323.
Wrought by the Holy Spirit, 323, 369, 782.
Renewed consecration, 648, 763, 764.
Renouncing all for Christ, 337, 349, 412, 582.
Repentance, 256, 273, 455.
Resignation, 70, 437, 523, 524, 756, 824.
Rest for the weary, 431, 489.
Resurrection :—
Of believers, 767, 797, 803, 806, 808, 809, 814. 817.
Of Christ, 133, 138, 146, 149, 806.
Of the dead. 808, 816.
River of life, 615, 690.
Rock of ages, 281, 309, 615, 765, 833.
Sabbath—See *Lord's-day.*
Saints :—
Confidence of, 79, 131, 376, 418, 469, 513, 563, 613.
Communion of, 39, 394, 612, 618, 623, 627, 629, 632.
Encouraged, 66, 69, 418, 503, 509.
Happiness of, 24, 211, 303, 313, 331, 359, 415, 435, 467, 471, 844.
In heaven, 861, 870.
Rejoicing, 134, 211, 412, 628.
Security of, 73, 330, 331, 613.
Suffering with Christ, 134, 280, 369, 403.
Trust of, 70, 75, 418, 490.
Union to Christ, 101, 131, 309, 331, 352, 372, 380, 469, 473, 627, 628.
Union with each other, 331, 623, 627 629, 632, 869.
Victorious, 573, 580, 870.
Salvation :—
By grace, 305.
Free, 117, 193, 224, 227, 429.
Full, 117, 193, 224, 227, 429.
Sought, 168, 262, 276–278, 340.
Through Christ, 117, 123, 125, 193, 324.
Sanctification, Entire, 359–390.
Sanctuary :—
Corner-stone, 708.
Dedication of, 704, 706, 709, 713.
Joy in, 1, 7, 415, 603.
Love for, 7, 600, 760.

Satan :—
Adversary, 16, 79, 568, 573, 577, 580.
Tempter, 284, 360, 379, 494.
Scriptures, Holy :—
Inspired, 173, 176, 177.
Joy in the, 174, 176.
Power of the, 16, 174, 176, 177.
Searching the, 176, 180.
Spread of the, 16, 173, 175.
Seasons, 153, 773, 774–781.
Self :—
Deception, 583.
Dedication, 35, 340.
Denial, 119, 490, 548, 551, 563.
Seraphs, 87, 127, 226, 328.
Sickness—See *Afflictions*.
Sin :—
Bondage of, 164, 188, 189, 217.
Salvation from, 361, 387.
Work of, 228.
Sinners :—
Convicted, 185, 188, 190, 244, 256, 273, 455.
Contrite, 273, 280.
Confessing, 185, 255, 256, 272, 280, 307.
Depravity, 185, 188, 189.
Exhorted, 200, 218, 224, 231, 241, 243, 247–250.
Invited, 189, 194, 216, 221, 224, 239, 246, 251.
Lost condition of, 186, 187, 188, 190, 248, 272, 277.
Refuge in Christ, 94, 122, 189, 192, 200, 276, 281, 284, 309, 324.
Seeking pardon, 188, 189, 272, 273, 277, 280, 307.
Sinners :—*Continued*.
Slavery of, 189, 209, 277, 278, 328, 441, 722–725.
Surrender of, 217, 255, 271, 276, 439.
Warned, 216, 218, 228, 231, 236–239, 243, 250.
Sleep, 766–769.
Soldiers, Christian, 572, 574, 576, 577, 580.
Song :—
New, 12, 25, 665, 870.
Sowing and reaping, 16, 37, 520, 550, 647, 776.
Star :—
In the east, 92, 700.
Of Bethlehem, 88.
Starry heavens, 51, 173, 628.
Storms, 282, 520, 689, 796, 798, 829.
Sufferings and death of Christ, 110–130.
Sunday Schools, 670–679.
Temptation :—
Of Christ, 115, 135, 284.
Of Christians, 247, 407, 517, 519.
Prayer under, 407.
Thanksgiving, 33, 40, 55, 779, 781.
Thy will be done, 407, 524, 548, 824.
Time and eternity, 773–875.
Transfiguration of Christ, 104.
Trials, 107, 422, 523, 524.
Trinity :—
Adoration of, 5, 55.
Praise to the, 32, 55, 64, 605.
Worship of the, 5, 9.
Trust :—
In Christ, 96, 135, 281, 325, 347, 451, 469, 501, 529.
In God, 7, 69, 77, 78, 80, 189, 211, 503, 517, 528, 580.

Trust :—*Continued.*
In providence, 66, 80, 363, 483, 499, 504, 505, 511, 528, 580.
Trumpet:—
Gospel, 194, 209, 605.
Judgment, 816, 832, 833, 842, 844, 845.
Unbelief, 69, 189, 373.
Unseen but loved, 428.
Vanity of earth, 237, 473, 474, 783,
Vows to God, 19, 312, 336, 439, 764,
Walking with God, 330.
Wanderer :—
Invited, 230—232.
Restored, 232.
Watchfulness, 565, 566, 572, 816.
Watching and praying, 379, 551, 565, 566, 765, 841.
Watchmen, 640, 643, 700.
Watch-night, 345, 786.
Witness your own spirits, 331.
Witness of the Holy Spirit, 161, 323.
Witnesses, Clouds of, 547.
Working and giving, 533.
World :—
Delusive, 357, 783.
Enmity of, 494.
Renounced, 357, 473.
Unsatisfying, 237.
Worship :—
Calls to, 1, 2, 6, 8, 12, 18, 21, 25, 31, 415.
Close of, 37, 39, 40, 45.
Family—See *Family Worship.*
Joy in, 7, 24, 411, 415, 601.
Morning and Evening, 759–772.
Year :—
New, 775, 782, 784.
Close of, 785, 786.
Zeal:—
Enjoined, 544.
Implored, 570.
Zion :—
Beloved, 612.
City of God, 461, 578, 615.
Favored, 595, 612–614, 643, 693.
Prayer for, 589, 612.
Rejoicing, 7.
Restored, 693.
Security of, 601, 613–615.
Songs of, 871.

INDEX

OF

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

A broken heart, my God, my King.....*I. Watts* 261
A charge to keep I have.....*C. Wesley* 565
A few more years shall roll.....*H. Bonar* 796
A mighty fortress is our God.....*M. Luther* 79
Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, *H. F. Lyte* 44
According to thy gracious word.....*J. Montgomery* 664
Ah! whither should I go.....*C. Wesley* 278
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....*I. Watts* 110
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....*E. Parronet* 93
All praise to our redeeming Lord..... .....*C. Wesley* 629
All praise to the Lamb! accepted I am..*C. Wesley* 326
All praise to thee eternal Lord.....*M. Luther* 90
All that I was, my sin and guilt.....*H. Bonar* 311
All things are ready, come.....*A. Midlane* 239
Almighty God, do thou behold.....*A. W. Orwig* 715
Almighty God, thy word is cast.....*J. Cawood* 16
Always with us, always with us.....*E. H. Nevin* 520
Am I a soldier of the cross.....*I. Watts* 563
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound...*J. Newton* 456
Amazing sight, the Saviour stands... ..*A. Nettleton* 196
And am I born to die.....*C. Wesley* 816
And are we yet alive.....*C. Wesley* 718
And can I yet delay.....*C. Wesley* 276
And can it be that I should gain.....*C. Wesley* 308
And is the Gospel peace and love.....*Anne Steele* 532
And is the time approaching....*Miss Jane Boswick* 691
And let this feeble body fail.....*C. Wesley* 804
And must I be to judgment brought.....*C. Wesley* 839
And must this body die.....*I. Watts* 817
And will the great eternal God.....*P. Doddridge* 706
And will the mighty God.....*G. Rawson* 314
And will the Judge descend.....*P. Doddridge* 840
And wilt thou yet be found..... *C. Wesley* 277
Angels roll the rock away.....*T. Scott* 141
Another hand is beckoning us.....*Unknown* 807
Another year of toil is spent.....*H. J. Bowman* 717
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.....*J. Newton* 264
Arise, my soul, arise... ....*C. Wesley* 323
Arise, ye saints, arise.....*T. Kelly* 567
Arm of the Lord awake, awake...*W. Shrubsole, Jr* 681

Around the throne of God..*Mrs. Anne H. Shepherd* 751
As pants the hart for cooling streams...*H. F. Lyte* 585
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep..... *Mrs. M. Mackay* 797
Awake and sing the song.....*W. Hammond* 25
Awake, Jerusalem, awake.....*C. Wesley* 591
Awake,my tongue,thy tribute bring,*Rob. Needham* 387
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays..... ..*S. Medley* 399
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve..*P. Doddridge* 547
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....*T. Ken* 764
Awake,ye saints, and raise your eyes,*P. Doddridge* 786
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....*S. Occum* 322
Away, my needless fears.....*C. Wesley* 77

Be still my heart, these anxious cares....*J. Newton* 488
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....*I. Watts* 2
Before thy face, my God, I fall.....*H. B. Hartzler* 444
Behold a stranger at the door.....*J. Grigg* 219
Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet.....*Unknown* 390
Behold the Bridegroom cometh....*Gerard Moultrie* 581
Behold the Christian warrior stands..*J. Montgomery* 561
Behold the heathen waits to know.....*Mrs. Voke* 583
Behold the Saviour of mankind..... .....*S. Wesley* 111
Behold the sure foundation-stone.....*I. Watts* 609
Behold the throne of grace..... .....*J. Newton* 417
Behold what wondrous grace.....*I. Watts* 317
Behold where in a mortal form.....*W. Enfield* 99
Begin, my soul, some heavenly theme.....*I. Watts* 57
Being of beings, God of love.....*S. Wesley* 344
Beneath our feet, and o'er our head.....*R. Heber* 790
Blest are the pure in heart..... .....*J. Keble* 382
Blessed are the sons of God.....*J. Humphrys* 321
Blest be the dear uniting love.....*C. Wesley* 627
Blest be the tie that binds our hearts....*J. Fawcett* 632
Blest Comforter divine.....*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney* 166
Blest day of God most calm, most.....*John Mason* 602
Blessed fountain, full of grace .....*Thomas Kelly* 320
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... .....*C. Wesley* 209
Brethren in Christ, and well beloved.....*C. Wesley* 618
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....*J. Swain* 579
Bondage and death the cup contains..*L. M. Sargent* 723
Brightest and best of the sons of the.....*R. Heber* 92
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....*R. Heber* 750
By faith I to the fountain fly.....*J. Wesley* 258
By thy birth, and by thy tears.....*Sir R. Grant* 284

Calm on the bosom of thy God...*Mrs. F. D. Hemans* 805
Calm on the listening ear of night.....*E. H. Sears* 86
Cast thy bread upon the waters..*Mrs. J. H. Hanaford* 697
Chief of sinners though I be..... .....*McComb* 462

Children loud hosannas singing...*Mrs. H. B. Steele* 674
Children of God, awake.....*Unknown* 604
Children of the heavenly King.....*J. Cennick* 461
Christ for the world we sing.....*S. Wolcott* 702
Christ is coming! let creation.....*J. R. Macduff* 836
Christ of all my hopes the ground.....*R. Wardlaw* 469
Christ the Lord is risen again.....*M. Weisse* 140
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.....*C. Wesley* 142
Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Christian, *Unknown* 143
Christ whose glory fills the skies..... *C. Wesley* 283
Come, and let us sweetly join..... ...*C. Wesley* 633
Come, at the morning hour..... *J. Montgomery* 765
Come, every soul by sin oppressed...*J. H. Stockton* 253
Come, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire.....*F. Bottome* 364
Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire...*C. Wesley* 369
Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire....*A. Nettleton* 328
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire....*C. Wesley* 162
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls ins..*Gregory the Great* 155
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind.....*J. Stewart* 152
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....*J. Hart* 164
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....*I. Watts* 156
Come, happy souls, approach your God...*I. Watts* 197
Come hither, all ye weary souls.....*I. Watts* 220
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord..*J. Montgomery* 617
Come, let us anew our journey.....*C. Wesley* 782
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....*I. Watts* 12
Come, let us join our friends above.....*C. Wesley* 630
Come let us use the grace divine.....*C. Wesley* 345
Come, my Redeemer, come.....*A. Reed* 434
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....*J. Newton* 431
Come, O Creator, spirit blest.....*Rabanus Maurus* 154
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays.....*T. Blacklock* 4
Come, O ye sinners, to the Lord.....*C. Wesley* 226
Come on, my partners in distress..... *C. Wesley* 514
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice...*Mrs. A. R. Barbauld* 244
Come, Saviour Jesus, from..*Madame A. Bourignon* 337
Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast.....*C. Wesley* 227
Come, sound his praise abroad..... .....*I. Watts* 21
Come, thou almighty King.....*C. Wesley* 32
Come, thou Fount of every blessing...*R. Robinson* 426
Come, thou soul transforming Spirit.....*J. Evans* 37
Come to Calvary's holy mountain...*J. Montgomery* 251
Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast....*E. Jones* 233
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye.....*T. Moore* 517
Come, ye saints, behold and wonder.....*T. Kelly* 146
Come, ye sinners poor and needy.....*J. Hart* 246
Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted.....*Joseph Swain* 291
Come, ye that love the Lord.....*I. Watts* 24
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord..*G. Burder* 60

Come, ye that love the Saviour's name..*Anne Steele* 415
Come, weary souls, with sin distressed..*Anne Steele* 225
Come, weary sinners, come.....*C. Wesley* 240
Come, ye weary souls oppressed.....*Unknown* 245
Commit thou all thy griefs..... .....*P. Gerhardt* 505
Content, O Lord, and free from fear.....*S. Wolcott* 498

Day of Judgment, day of wonders.....*J. Newton* 844
Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly.....*W. Nicholson* 389
Dear refuge of my weary soul.....*Anne Steele* 495
Dear Saviour, we are thine.....*P. Doddridge* 631
Dear Saviour, if these lambs sh..*Ann Beadley Hyde* 649
Deem not that they are blest alone...*W. C. Bryant* 483
Deep are the wounds which sin.....*Anne Steele* 186
Delightful work! young souls to win..*J. Straphan* 670
Depth of mercy! can there be.....*C. Wesley* 289
Do you see the Hebrew captives kneel..*P. P. Bliss* 526
Drooping souls, no longer mourn... .....*T. Hastings* 287

Earnest of future bliss.....*A. M. Toplady* 335
Earth with its dark and dreadful ills..*Alice Carey* 812
Enthroned on high, almighty Lord.....*T. Haweis* 160
Equip me for the war.....*C. Wesley* 570
Eternal Father! thou hast said.....*R. Palmer* 685
Eternal source of every joy.....*P. Doddridge* 773
Eternal Spirit, God of truth.....*T. Cotterill* 329
Eternal Spirit, we confess.....*I. Watts* 151

Fade, fade each earthly joy.....*Mrs. H. Bonar* 474
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss..*D. Turner* 268
Faith is the spirit's sweet control.....*Baptist Noel* 274
Far from these narrow scenes of night..*Anne Steele* 856
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.....*C. Wesley* 262
Father! I own thy voice.....*S. Wolcott* 420
Father, in whom we live.....*C. Wesley* 22
Father of all, whose love profou..*E. H. Bickersteth* 3
Father of glory! to thy name..... .....*I. Watts* 11
Father of mercies, bow thine ear.....*B. Beddome* 636
Father of mercies, God of love.....*Thom. Raffles* 153
Father of mercies, send thy grace....*P. Doddridge* 535
Father of mercies, in thy word.....*Anne Steele* 176
Father of love, our Guide and Friend..*W. J. Irons* 499
Father of the human race.....*W. B. Collyer* 747
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....*Anne Steele* 500
Fear not, O little flock, the foe.....*G. Adolphus* 580
Fight the good fight with all thy...*J. S. B. Monsell* 560
Forever here my rest shall be.....*C. Wesley* 371
For thy mercy and thy grace..... *H. Downton* 783
Forever with the Lord.....*J. Montgomery* 820

Forth to the land of promise bound.....*H. Alford* 862
Forward! be our watchword.....*H. Alford* 578
Fount of everlasting love.....*Ray Palmer* 598
Fountain of mercy, God of love..*Mrs. A. Flowerdew* 776
Friend after friend departs. ..... *J. Montgomery* 821
From all that dwell below the skies.....*I. Watts* 1
From Calvary a cry was heard...*J. W. Cunningham* 115
From every stormy wind that blows.....*H. Stowell* 394
From Greenland's icy mountains.....*R. Heber* 688
From the cross the blood is falling.....*H. Bonar* 130
From the cross uplifted high.....*T. Haweis* 249
Full salvation! full salvation.....*F. Bottome* 384

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.....*T. Hastings* 519
Give me the wings of faith to rise.....*I. Watts* 861
Give to the winds thy fears.....*P. Gerhardt* 504
Giver of each perfect gift..... *Unknown* 351
Give thanks to God, he reigns above.....*I. Watts* 50
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....*J. Newton* 615
Glory to God on high.....*J. Hart* 665
Glory to thee, my God! this night.....*T. Ken* 769
Go and seek the lost and dying.....*H. B. Hartzler* 701
Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim..*Thom. Morell* 641
Go bury thy sorrow..... .....*P. P. Bliss* 530
Go forth, ye heralds, in my name..... *J. Logan* 635
Go forward, Christian soldiers.....*L. Tuttiett* 576
Go, labor on; spend and be spent.....*H. Bonar* 544
Go to dark Gethsemane.....*J. Montgomery* 124
Go to thy rest, dear child.....*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney* 828
God bless our native land.....*J. S. Dwight* 739
God calling yet! shall I not hear.....*G. Tersteegen* 217
God counts the sorrows of his saints.....*I. Watts* 491
God is in his holy temple.....*J. Montgomery* 36
God is love; his mercy brightens...*Sir J. Bowring* 62
God in the Gospel of his Son.....*B. Beddome* 172
God is my strong salvation.....*J. Montgomery* 516
God is the refuge of his saints.....*I. Watts* 607
God moves in a mysterious way.....*W. Cowper* 69
God, my supporter and my hope.....*I. Watts* 493
God of all power and truth and grace.....*C. Wesley* 361
God of eternal truth and grace.....*C. Wesley* 375
God of thine Israel's faithful three.....*C. Wesley* 492
God with us, O glorious name.....*S. Slinn* 108
Grace, 't is a charming sound.....*P. Doddridge* 207
Gracious Lord, to thee we raise.....*H. B. Hartzler* 42
Gracious Spirit, love divine.....*J. Stocker* 168
Great God, attend while Zion sings.....*I. Watts* 7
Great God! beneath whose piercing eye..*W. Roscoe* 733
Great God! indulge my humble claim.....*I. Watts* 302

Great God of nations, now to thee.....*Unknown* 734
Great God, what do I see and hear...*B. Ringwaldt* 845
Great God, whose hand outpours the rills..*Unknown* 724
Great is the Lord our God.....*I. Watts* 713
Great King of glory, come..... *B. Francis* 712
Great King of nations, hear our pr...*J. H. Gurney* 735
Great Lord of all thy churches! hear..*W. Kingsbury* 593
Great Spirit, by whose mighty power...*T. Haweis* 159
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....*W. Williams* 81

Had I the gift of tongues.....*S. Stennet* 539
Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.....*C. Wesley* 55
Hail, my ever blessed Jesus.....*J. Wingrove* 463
Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....*J. Bakewell* 125
Hail to the Lord's anointed.....*J. Montgomery* 692
Hallelujah, Christ is mine.....*E. P. Barrows* 468
Happy soul, thy days are ending.....*C. Wesley* 822
Happy the home when God is there.....*Unknown* 744
Hark! how the Gospel trumpet sounds..*S. Medley* 210
Hark, how the watchmen cry.....*C. Wesley* 569
Hark, that shout of rapturous joy...*Thomas Kelly* 835
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour...*P. Doddridge* 83
Hark, the voice of love and mercy.....*J. Evans* 127
Hark, the voice of Jesus, calling.....*D. March* 552
Hark! what mean those holy voices.....*J. Cawood* 91
Haste, traveler, haste, the night co...*W. B. Collyer* 214
Haste, O sinner, to be wise.....*T. Scott* 243
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time.....*Harriet Auber* 698
He comes, he comes, the Judge severe...*C. Wesley* 832
He dies, the friend of sinners dies.....*I. Watts* 133
He leadeth me! O blessed thought...*J. H. Gilmore* 528
He lives! the great Redeemer lives... .....*I. Watts* 132
He that goeth forth with weeping...*Thos. Hastings* 553
He wills that I should holy be.....*C. Wesley* 366
Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear.....*T. Totterill* 553
Here at thy cross, my Saviour, God.....*I. Watts* 260
Here I can firmly rest.....*P. Gerhardt* 460
Here in thy name, eternal God.....*J. Montgomery* 705
High in the heavens, eternal God.....*I. Watts* 68
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh...*J. Wesley* 224
Holy and reverend is the name..... .....*J. Needham* 58
Holy and true and righteous Lord.....*C. Wesley* 365
Holy Bible, book divine.....*J. Burton* 184
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness.....*P. Gerhardt* 170
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.....*M. M. Wells* 167
Holy Spirit, truth divine.....*S. Longfellow* 169
Hosanna! be the children's song....*J. Montgomery* 671
How beauteous are their feet.....*I. Watts* 643
How beauteous were the marks divine..*A. C. Coxe* 103

How blest the hours when first we gave..*S. F. Smith* 650
How blest the sacred tie that....*Mrs. M. A. Barbauld* 621
How blest the righteous when..*Mrs. M. A. Barbauld* 798
How can sinners know.....*C. Wesley* 331
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the..*G. Keith* 513
How gentle God's commands.....*P. Doddridge* 509
How happy every child of grace.....*C. Wesley* 310
How happy is the pilgrim's lot.....*J. Wesley* 847
How helpless guilty nature lies.....*Anne Steele* 188
How large the promise, how divine.....*I. Watts* 743
How long, O Lord, our God..... .....*Unknown* 727
How oft, alas! this wretched heart.....*Anne Steele* 583
How pleasant, how divinely fair.....*I. Watts* 608
How precious is the book divine.....*J. Fawcett* 177
How sad our state by nature is.....*I. Watts* 189
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.....*J. Swain* 623
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds....*J. Newton* 94
How sweet to be allowed to pray.....*Unknown* 496
How sweet the hour of closing day..*W. H. Bathurst* 800
How sweetly flowed the Gospel so..*Sir J. Bowring* 201
How shall the young secure their hearts...*I. Watts* 181
How swift the torrent rolls.....*P. Doddridge* 794
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....*J. Newton* 472
How tender is thy hand.....*T. Hastings* 508
How vast, how full, how free.....*Unknown* 205
How vain is all beneath the skies..... *D. E. Ford* 788
I am coming to the cross.....*W. McDonald* 355
I am trusting, trusting surely.....*H. N. V.* 386
I bless the Christ of God..... .....*H. Bonar* 332
I gave my life for thee.....*Miss F. R. Havergal* 128
I have a home above. .....*H. Bennett* 864
I hear thy welcome voice.....*L. Hartsough* 242
I hear the words of love..... .....*H. Bonar* 315
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....*H. Bonar* 452
I know I love my Saviour now.....*H. B. Hartzler* 334
I know that my Reedeemer lives.....*S. Medley* 131
I lay my sins on Jesus.....*H. Bonar* 464
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....*T. Dwight* 612
I love to hear the story.....*Mrs. E. H. Miller* 752
I love to tell the story.....*Catharine Hankey* 478
I love to steal awhile away.....*Mrs. P. H. Brown* 416
I need thee every hour.....*Mrs. A. S. Hawks* 392
I stand on Zion's mount..... *Jos. Swain* 510
I think when I read that sweet.....*Mrs. J. Luke* 753
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of...*N. L. Zinzendorf* 359
I want a principle within.....*C. Wesley* 564
I will sing of my Redeemer.....*P. P. Bliss* 475
I will sing you a song.....*Mrs. E. H. Gates* 846
I would not live alway, I ask..... *W. A. Muhlenberg* 829

I worship thee, O Holy Ghost.....*W. F. Warren* 163
I would be thine, O take my heart.....*A. Reed* 271
If you cannot on the ocean.....*Mrs. E. H. Gates* 555
If you cannot be a watchman.....*D. March* 673
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....*I. Watts* 451
I'm but a stranger here.....*Thos. R. Taylor* 867
I'm glad that I was born to die.....*Unknown* 851
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.....*I. Watts* 435
I've found the pearl of greatest price.....*J. Mason* 459
I've found a friend, O such a friend.....*Unknown* 480
In age and feebleness extreme.....*C. Wesley* 758
In evil long I took delight.....*J. Newton* 455
In expectation sweet.....*Jos. Swain* 819
In God let all his saints rejoice.....*Unknown* 486
In mercy, Lord, remember me.....*J. F. Herzog* 770
In the cross of Christ I glory.....*Sir J. Bowring* 126
In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....*T. Kelly* 35
In this calm, impressive hour.....*Thos. Hastings* 771
Infinite God, to thee we raise.....*C. Wesley* 9
Is this death? my life-day ending.....*D. B. Byers* 825
It came upon the midnight clear.....*E. H. Sears* 85
It is thy hand, my God.....*James G. Deck* 507
It is not death to die.....*C. H. H. Mahlan* 813

Jehovah reigns, his throne is high.....*I. Watts* 46
Jerusalem my happy home.....*D. Dickson* 855
Jerusalem the golden.....*Bernard of Cluny* 871
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....*J. Grigg* 440
Jesus, at thy feet I fall.....*H. J. Bowman* 353
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow.....*C. Wesley* 622
Jesus, full of love divine.....*B. Gough* 388
Jesus, full of truth and love.....*Unknown* 290
Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory.....*J. Bakewell* 147
Jesus hath died that I might live.....*C. Wesley* 372
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....*H. F. Lyte* 349
Jesus, I live to thee.....*H. Harbaugh* 380
Jesus, I love thy charming name.....*P. Doddridge* 453
Jesus, immortal King, arise.....*A. C. H. Seymour* 686
Jesus, Lamb of God, for me.....*R. Palmer* 285
Jesus lives! no longer now.....*F. E. Cox* 826
Jesus, lover of my soul.....*C. Wesley* 282
Jesus my all to heaven is gone.....*J. Cennick* 441
Jesus, my Lord, attend.....*C. Wesley* 296
Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry.....*E. H. H.* 297
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend.....*C. Wesley* 403
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace.....*P. Doddridge* 534
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....*C. Wesley* 379
Jesus, my truth, my way.....*C. Wesley* 347
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....*I. Watts* 680

Jesus, the Christ of God.....*H. Bonar* 106
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns.....*C. Wesley* 139
Jesus, the Lord of glory, died.....*B. W. Noel* 136
Jesus, the name, high over all.....*C. Wesley* 95
Jesus, the word of mercy give.....*C. Wesley* 642
Jesus, the very thought of...*Bernard of Clairvaux* 449
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend.....*R. Burnham* 265
Jesus, thou soul of all our joys.....*C. Wesley* 30
Jesus, thou joy of loving h...*Bernard of Clairvaux* 442
Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....*P. Gerhardt* 367
Jesus, thy blood and righteous...*H. L. Zinzendorf* 301
Jesus, we look to thee.....*C. Wesley* 23
Jesus wept! those tears are over.....*Sir E. Denny* 107
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding....*T. Hastings* 824
Jesus, whom angel hosts adore.....*H. Bonar* 113
Join all the glorious names.....*I. Watts* 109
Join all who love the Saviour's name.....*Unknown* 401
Joy to the world! the Lord is come.....*I. Watts* 82
Just as I am without one plea.....*Charlotte Elliott* 255
Just as thou art without one trace.....*A. S. Cook* 222

Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake.....*J. Newton* 619
Know, sinner, every one is free.....*Unknown* 223

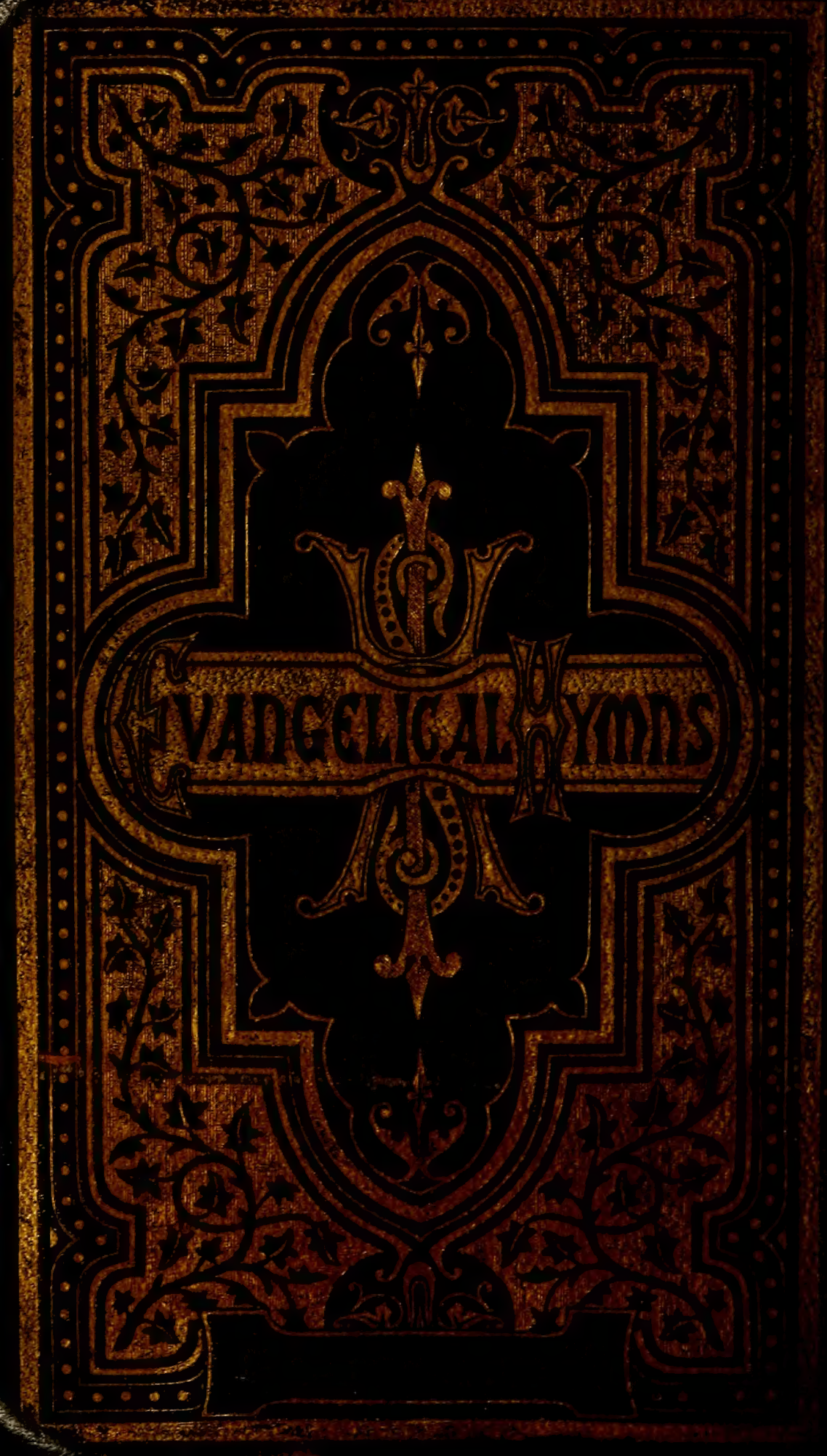
Laborers of Christ, arise.....*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney* 719
Lamb of God, for sinners slain..... .....*C. Wesley* 299
Lay your treasures higher, safer.....*H. B. Hartzler* 556
Lead, kindly Light, amid the.....*J. H. Newman* 511
Let all on earth their voices raise..... .....*I. Watts* 31
Let earth and heaven agree.....*C. Wesley* 212
Let every mortal ear attend.....*I. Watts* 194
Let every tongue thy goodness speak.....*I. Watts* 56
Let him to whom we now belong.....*C. Wesley* 346
Let songs of praises fill the sky.....*T. Cotterill* 158
Let worldly minds the world pursue.....*J. Newton* 450
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....*P. Doddridge* 640
Life is the time to serve the Lord.....*I. Watts* 787
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus.....*C. Wesley* 843
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.....*G. Weissel* 89
Lift up your hearts to things above.....*C. Wesley* 412
Lo! God is here! let us adore.....*G. Tersteegen* 8
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending....*C. Wesley* 837
Lo! the day of Christ appearing.....*Unknown* 834
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.....*T. Kelly* 145
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee.....*J. M. Gurney* 548
Lord, at this closing hour.....*E. T. Fitch* 26
Lord, at thy feet I prostrate fall.....*Unknown* 257
Lord, at thy table I behold.. ....*S. Stennet* 659
Lord, before thy holy altar .....*Unknown* 728

We journey through a vale of tears.....*B. Barton* 503
We lay thee in the silent tomb .....*Jnknown* 810
We may not climb the heavenly.....*J. G Whittier* 102
We plow the fields and scatter..... *M. Claudius* 780
We praise thee, gracious Father.....*H. .. Hartzler* 721
We praise thee, O God, for the So...*W. P. Mackay* 596
We rear not a temple, like Judah's...*J. Ware, Jr.* 711
We sing his love who once was.....*Rowland Hill* 801
We sing the praise of him who died .....*T. Kelly* 202
We sinners, Lord, with ea...*Bernar l of Clairvaux* 267
We speak of the realms of the bl..*Mrs. Eliz. Mills* 868
Welcome, happy morning, age to.... *V. Fortunatus* 149
Welcome, sweet day of rest..... .....*I. Watts* 603
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer.....*W. Mason* 550
What a friend we have in Jesus. .....*H. Bonar* 422
What grace, O Lord, and beauty sh..*Sir E. Denny* 101
What shall I do my God to love.....*C. Wesley* 198
What shall I render to my God.....*S. Wesley* 312
What shall the dying sinner do.....*I. Watts* 204
What various hindrances we meet.....*W. Cowper* 395
When all thy mercies, O my God.....*J. Addison* 74
When doomed to death, the apostle..*W. C. Bryant* 722
When his salvation bringing .....*J. King* 679
When I can read my title clear..... .....*I. Watts* 489
When I survey the wondrous cross.....*I. Watts* 119
When marshalled on the nightly pl...*H. K. White* 88
When on the brink of death.....*W. B. Collyer* 815
When overwhelmed with grief.....*I. Watts* 506
When peace like a river attendeth..*H. G. Spafford* 527
When shall we meet again .....*A. A. Watts* 634
When the last trumpet's awful voice..*W. Cameron* 809
When verdure clothes the fertile.....*Anne Steele* 778
Wherefore should I make my moan..... *C. Wesley* 827
Which of the monarchs of the earth.....*C. Wesley* 73
While life prolongs its precious light.....*T. Dwight* 216
While on the verge of life I stnad...*P. Doddridge* 850
While shepherds watched their flo...*Tate & Brady* 87
While thee I seek, protecting...*Helen M. Williams* 70
While with ceaseless course the sun.....*J. Newton* 785
Who are these arrayed in white.....*C. Wesley* 870
Who hath sorrows? who hath woes..... *Unknown* 729
Who in the Lord confide..... .....*C. Wesley* 613
Who is thy neighbor? He wh...*W. O. B. Peabody* 537
Who shall forbid our chastened woe.....*W. Hunter* 811
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn.....*I. Watts* 306
Why do we mourn for dying friends.....*I. Watts* 806
Why is my heart so far from thee.....*I. Watts* 586
Why should I in vain repining .....*J. Edmeston* 522
Why should the children of a King.....*I. Watts* 161

Why should we boast of time to come...*M. Wilkes* 229
Why should we start and fear to die.....*I. Watts* 799
Why will ye waste on trifling cares..*P. Doddridge* 215
Wisdom ascribe and might and praise....*C. Wesley* 775
With broken heart and contrite sigh...*Corn. Elven* 259
With joy we meditate the grace.....*I. Watts* 135
With joy we lift our eyes.....*T. Jervis* 19
With my substance I will honor.....*B. Francis* 695
With stately towers and bulwarks...*Harriet Auber* 611
With tearful eyes I look around....*Charlotte Elliott* 484
Within these walls be peace..... *J. Montgomery* 677
Work, for the night is coming.....*S. Dyer* 559
Wouldst thou eternal life obtain.....*R. Palmer* 199

Ye hearts with youthful vigor wa...*P. Doddridge* 672
Ye messengers of Christ.....*Mrs. Voke* 646
Ye ransomed sinners, hear.....*C. Wesley* 211
Ye servants of the Lord.....*P. Doddridge* 644
Ye servants of God, your Master.....*C. Wesley* 33
Yes, I will bless thee, O my God..*O. Heginbotham* 413
Yes, my native land, I love thee.....*S. F. Smith* 696
Yes, we trust the day is breaking.....*T. Kelly* 694
Your harps, ye trembling saints.....*A. M. Toplady* 418

Zion stands with hills surrounded.....*T. Kelly* 614


VANGELICAL
YMNS